MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

OF

POETRY.

SELECTED FROM

VARIOUS EMINENT AUTHORS.

AMONG WHICH ARE INTERSPERSED

A FEW ORIGINALS.

——Sparſa coëgimus. HORAT.

All our intention is, we own,
To profit, and to pleaſe, unknown. COTTON's *Viſions.*

Edited by the late Dr Charles Stewart.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for W. GRAY, Front of the Royal Exchange.
Sold by him, and by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Edinburgh.*

MDCCLXV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Editors were John Bonar Solicitor of the Excise in Scotland, and Dr Charles Stuart.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editors[x] are well aware, that the greateſt care in ſelecting this collection cannot eſcape the cenſure of all thoſe, who are, or who eſteem themſelves judges of compoſition. It were a vain effort indeed to ſeek to pleaſe all. While ſuch a variety of taſtes and ſentiments ſubſiſt in the world, a few only can expreſs approbation. As, however, the compilers of this volume confeſs, that not only the entertainment of their readers, but alſo a view to their own private advantage, gave riſe to the publication; it is both their duty and intereſt to endeavour to anſwer every objection, which Judgment and Genius, as well as Ignorance, and Caprice may alledge againſt it.

To ſelections ſuch as this, it is commonly objected, that they are either compoſed of pieces altogether deſtitute of poetical merit; or, ſhould the verſification pleaſe, the ſubjects ſeldom fail to diſgrace it. The refutation of this remark, the reader, only

upon perusing our collection, can furnish. The Editors will however venture to say, That nothing has been admitted, which has not the sanction of genius either in itself, or in its author. They will not deny that a prejudice in favour of some particular persons, may have led them to insert pieces of theirs, which needed correction. Yet they are not afraid of incurring censure, even on that account; since few who have ever heard of the names of HERVEY, DODDRIDGE, and DAVIES, but will seize with avidity the unfinished labours of their pens: the reliques of a friend, however trifling, will be respected for the sake of his memory. Let these little pieces be viewed in this light, and while they are read, may they kindle a wish that their poetical performances had been more numerous, and more correct.—The other part of the objection is removed, as the Editors flatter themselves, the subjects treated of do not dishonour the goodness of the poetry; the greater part of them being on topics either serious, moral, or divine.

The pieces of real merit, hackneyed through every collection, have not had a

place here; as the compilers are convinced, that perpetual uniformity is as apt to diſguſt, as perpetual variety to perplex. The poems in this ſelection, are not to be found in any other: they are moſtly taken from books of merit, little known, which have undergone but one edition, and were ſcarce ever heard of in SCOTLAND. Theſe works, hitherto hid as it were from the world, it is hoped, will be found no ways inferior to others more common, and much eſteemed.

The Public, it is expected, will receive the few originals by the unknown pen with indulgence: let Youth plead exemption from ſeverity, and inexperience excuſe theſe faults,

——————*quas aut incuria fudit,*
Aut humana parum cavit natura.——

The Author of the paraphraſes from ſcripture, was well known as a Divine—and a Chriſtian.[x] As ſuch his memory will be ever revered.—A character far ſuperior to the Scholar, the Philoſopher, or even the POET.

Edinburgh, Auguſt 12.
1765.

[x] *The Revd. John Bonar, father of one of the Editors.*

ADDRESS

To R—— S—— M——F, Esq;

Rt Scott Moncrieff?

LET happier Bards, whoſe raptur'd breaſts aſpire
To Sappho's ſoftneſs, or to Pindar's fire,
Beyond the reach of mortal thought explore,
And trace the tracts where Young can only ſoar.
Enough for me——o'er whoſe unfiniſh'd lays
No wildneſs warbles, and no ſoftneſs ſtrays:
Enough for me——at Friendſhip's ſhrine to bend,
And praiſe the Patron, while I hail the Friend.
Nor me the low-born ends of Fame incline,
To grave thy worth upon my ſhort-liv'd line:
Unknown to Fame, I liſp the trembling ſtrain;
Where few approve, 'tis folly to be vain.
No Critic's praiſe, no haughty ſmile I ſue;
I ſeek th' applauſe of Friendſhip, and of You.
If judgement then condemn, let pity gain
One ſmile applauſive to my youthful ſtrain.

C. S.
Charles Stuart

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

OF

POETRY.

THE ingenious Mr LANGHORNE's abilities, both as a proſe-writer and a poet, merit attention.—In both characters he has ſucceeded happily; more eſpecially in the latter. A great degree of elegance and ſimplicity runs through, and is the characteriſtic of all his odes: nor is he to be more admired for his ſtyle, than his ſentiments; which are ever juſt,—often new,—and generally ſtriking.

Theſe things it was proper here to premiſe, becauſe a conſiderable part of the beginning of this volume is allotted for ſome of his moſt finiſhed pieces;—whereof the firſt we inſert is intituled,

THE ENLARGEMENT of the MIND:

In TWO EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I.

To General CRAUFURD, from Belvidere.

WHERE is the man, who, prodigal of mind,
In one wide wiſh embraces human kind?
All pride of ſects, all party-zeal above,
Whoſe prieſt is reaſon, and whoſe God is love;
Fair Nature's friend, a foe to fraud and art—
Where is the man, ſo welcome to my heart?
The ſightleſs herd ſequacious, who purſue
Dull folly's path, and do as others do,
Who look with purblind prejudice and ſcorn
On different ſects, in different nations born,
Let us, my CRAUFURD, with compaſſion view,
Pity their pride, but ſhun their error too.
From *Belvidere*'s fair groves, and mountains green,
Which Nature rais'd, rejoicing to be ſeen,
Let us, while raptur'd on her works we gaze,
And the heart riots on luxurious praiſe,
Th' expanded thought, the boundleſs wiſh retain,
And let not NATURE moralize in vain.

O ſacred guide! preceptreſs more ſublime
Than ſages boaſting o'er the wrecks of time!
See on each page her beauteous volume bear
The golden characters of good and fair.
All human knowledge (bluſh, collegiate pride!)
Flows from her works, to none that reads denied.
Shall the dull inmate of pedantic walls,
On whoſe old walk the ſunbeam ſeldom falls,
Who knows of nature, and of man, no more
Than fills ſome page of antiquated lore—
Shall he, in words and terms profoundly wiſe,
The better knowledge of the world deſpiſe,
Think wiſdom center'd in a falſe degree,
And ſcorn the ſcholar of humanity?
Something of men theſe ſapient drones may know,
Of men that liv'd two thouſand years ago.
Such human monſters if the world e'er knew,
As ancient verſe, and ancient ſtory drew.
If to one object, ſyſtem, ſcene confin'd,
The ſure effect is narrowneſs of mind.
'Twas thus St *Robert*, in his lonely wood,
Forſook each ſocial duty—to be good.
Thus *Hobbes* on one dear ſyſtem fix'd his eyes,
And prov'd his nature wretched—to be wiſe.
Each zealot thus, elate with ghoſtly pride,
Adores his God, and hates the world beſide.
Tho' form'd with powers to graſp this various ball,
Gods! to what meanneſs may the ſpirit fall!

Powers that ſhould ſpread in reaſon's orient ray,
How are they darken'd, and debarr'd the day!
When late, where *Tajo* rolls his ancient tide,
Reflecting clear the mountain's purple ſide,
Thy genius, CRAUFURD, *Britain*'s legions led,
And fear's chill cloud forſook each brightning head,
By nature brave and generous as thou art,
Say did not human follies vex thy heart?
Glow'd not thy breaſt indignant, when you ſaw
The dome of Murder conſecrate by law?
Where fiends, commiſſion'd with the legal rod,
In pure devotion burnt the works of God.
O change me, powers of nature, if ye can,
Transform me, make me any thing but man.
Yet why? This heart all human kind forgives,
While *Gillman* loves me, and while CRAUFURD lives,
While *Lyttelton*, at leaſt, his praiſe has given,
And *Glouceſter* chears me with the hope—of Heaven.
Is Nature, all-benevolent, to blame,
That half her offspring are their mother's ſhame?
Did ſhe ordain o'er this fair ſcene of things
The cruelty of prieſts, or pride of kings?
Tho' worlds lie murder'd for their wealth or fame,
Is Nature, all-benevolent, to blame?
" Yet ſurely once, my friend, ſhe ſeem'd to err,
" For *W—ch—t* was"—He was not made by her.
Fair Nature's hand the workmanſhip denies;
Mark the long eye-brows o'er the ſcowling eyes!

There dwell deceit, dark cunning, dull pretence,
But never beam'd one generous ray of ſenſe.
Sure, form'd of clay that Nature held in ſcorn,
By fiends conſtructed, and in darkneſs born,
Roſe the low wretch, who, deſpicably vile,
Would ſell his country for a courtier's ſmile;
Would give up all to truth or freedom dear,
To dine with * * * * or ſome idiot peer,
Whoſe mean malevolence, in dark diſguiſe,
The man that never injur'd him belies,
Whoſe actions bad and good two motives guide,
The ſerpent's malice, and the coxcomb's pride.
" Is there a wretch ſo mean, ſo baſe, ſo low?"
I know there is—aſk *W—cb—t* if he know.
O that the world were emptied of it's ſlaves!
That all the fools were gone, and all the knaves!
Then might we, CRAUFURD, with delight embrace,
In boundleſs love, the reſt of human race!
But let not ſlaves miſanthropy create,
Nor feed the gall of univerſal hate.
Wherever genius, truth, and virtue dwell,
Poliſh'd in courts, or ſimple in a cell,
All views of country, ſects, and creeds apart,
Theſe, theſe I love, and hold them to my heart.
Vain of our beauteous iſle, and juſtly vain,
For freedom here, and health, and plenty reign,
We different lots contemptuouſly compare,
And boaſt, like children, of a fav'rite's ſhare.

Yet tho' each vale a deeper verdure yields
Than *Arno*'s banks, or *Andaluſia*'s fields,
Tho' many a tree-crown'd mountain teems with ore,
Tho' flocks innumerous whiten every ſhore,
Why ſhould we, thus with Nature's wealth elate,
Behold her different families with hate?
Look on her works——on every page you'll find
Inſcrib'd the doctrine of the ſocial mind.
See countleſs worlds of inſect-being ſhare
Th' unenvied regions of the liberal air!
In the ſame grove what muſic void of ſtrife!
Heirs of one ſtream what tribes of ſcaly life!
See earth, and air, and fire, and flood combine
Of general good to aid the great deſign!
Where *Ancon* drags o'er *Lincoln*'s lurid plain,
Like a low ſnake, his dirty-winding train,
Where fogs eternal blot the face of day,
And the loſt bittern moans his gloomy way;
As well we might, for unpropitious ſkies,
The blameleſs native with his clime deſpiſe,
As him who ſtill the poorer lot partakes
Of *Biſcay*'s mountains, or *Batavia*'s lakes.
Yet look once more on Nature's various plan!
Behold, and love her nobleſt creature man:
She, never partial, on each various zone,
Beſtow'd ſome portion, to the reſt unknown,
By mutual intereſt meaning thence to bind
In one vaſt chain the commerce of mankind.

Behold ye vain diſturbers of an hour!
Ye dupes of faction! and ye tools of power!
Poor rioters on life's contracted ſtage!
Behold, and loſe your littleneſs of rage!
Throw envy, folly, prejudice behind!
And yield to truth the empire of the mind.
Immortal Truth! O from thy radiant ſhrine,
Where light created firſt eſſay'd to ſhine.
Where cluſt'ring ſtars eternal beams diſplay,
And gems ethereal drink the golden day.
To chaſe this moral, clear this ſenſual night,
O ſhed one ray of thy celeſtial light!
Teach us, while wandering thro' this vale below
We know but little, that we little know.
One beam to mole-ey'd prejudice convey,
Let pride perceive one mortifying ray.
Thy glaſs to fools, to infidels apply,
And all the dimneſs of the mental eye.
Plac'd on this ſhore of time's far-ſtretching bourn,
With leave to look at nature and return;
While wave on wave impells the human tide,
And ages ſink, forgotten as they glide;
Can life's ſhort duties better be diſcharg'd,
Than when we leave it with a mind enlarg'd?
Judg'd not the old philoſopher aright,
When thus he preach'd, his pupils in his ſight?
" It matters not, my friends, how low or high,
Your little walk of tranſient life may lie.

Soon will the reign of hope and fear be o'er,
And warring paſſions militate no more.
And truſt me, he, who having once ſurvey'd
The good and fair which nature's wiſdom made,
The ſooneſt to his former ſtate retires,
And feels the peace of ſatisfied deſires,
(Let others deem more wiſely if they can)
I look on him to be the happieſt man."
So thought the ſacred ſage, in whom I truſt,
Becauſe I feel his ſentiments are juſt.
'Twas not in luſtrums of long counted years,
That ſwell th' alternate reign of hopes and fears;
Not in the ſplendid ſcenes of pain and ſtrife,
That wiſdom plac'd the dignity of life;
To ſtudy Nature was the taſk aſſign'd,
And learn from her th' enlargement of the mind;
Learn from her works whatever truth admires,
And ſleep in death with ſatisfied deſires.

EPISTLE II.

To WILLIAM LANGHORNE, M. A.

LIGHT HEARD HIS VOICE, and, eager to obey,
From all her orient fountains burſt away.
At nature's birth, O! had the Pow'r divine
Commanded thus the moral ſun to ſhine,

Beam'd on the mind all reaſon's influence bright,
And the full day of *intellectual* light,
Then had we followed truth's conducting ſtar,
Nor been the vain imperfect things we are.
Yet thus imperfect form'd, thus blind and vain,
Doom'd by long toil a glimpſe of truth to gain;
Beyond its ſphere ſhall human wiſdom go,
And boldly cenſure what it cannot know?
'Tis ours to cheriſh what Heav'n deign'd to give,
And thankful for the gift of being live.
Progreſſive powers, and faculties that riſe
From earth's low vale, to graſp the golden ſkies,
Tho' diſtant far from perfect, good, or fair,
Claim the due thought, and aſk the grateful care.
Come, then, thou partner of my life and name,
From one dear ſource, whom nature form'd the ſame,
Ally'd more nearly in each nobler part,
And more the friend, than brother, of my heart,
Let us, unlike the lucid twins that riſe
At diff'rent times, and ſhine in diſtant ſkies,
With mutual eye this mental world ſurvey,
Mark the ſlow riſe of intellectual day,
View reaſon's ſource, if man the ſource may find,
And trace each ſcience that exalts the mind.
" Thou ſelf-appointed lord of all below!
Ambitious man, how little doſt thou know?
For once let fancy's tow'ring thoughts ſubſide;
Look on thy birth, and mortify thy pride!

A plaintive wretch, ſo blind, ſo helpleſs born,
The brute ſagacious might behold with ſcorn.
How ſoon, when nature gives him to the day,
In ſtrength exulting, does he bound away?
By inſtinct led, the foſtering teat he finds,
Sports in the ray, and ſhuns the ſearching winds.
No grief he knows, he feels no groundleſs fear,
Feeds without cries, and ſleeps without a tear.
Did he but know to reaſon and compare,
See here the vaſſal, and the maſter there,
What ſtrange reflections muſt the ſcene afford,
That ſhew'd the weakneſs of his puling lord!"

Thus ſophiſtry unfolds her ſpecious plan,
Form'd not to humble, but depreciate man.
Unjuſt the cenſure, if unjuſt to rate
His pow'rs and merits from his infant-ſtate.
For, grant the children of the flow'ry vale
By inſtinct wiſer, and of limbs more hale,
With equal eye their perfect ſtate explore,
And all the vain compariſon's no more.

" But why ſhould life, ſo ſhort by Heav'n ordain'd,
Be long to thoughtleſs infancy reſtrain'd—
To thoughtleſs infancy, or vainly ſage,
Mourn thro' the languors of declining age?"

O blind to truth! to Nature's wiſdom blind!
And all that ſhe directs, or Heav'n deſign'd!
Behold her works in cities, plains, and groves,
All life that vegetates, and life that moves!

In due proportion, as each being ſtays
In perfect life, it riſes and decays.
Is man long helpleſs? Through each tender hour,
See love parental watch the blooming flow'r!
By opening charms, by beauties freſh diſplay'd,
And ſweets unfolding, ſee that love repaid!
Has age its pains? for luxury it may—
The temp'rate wear inſenſibly away;
While ſage experience, and reflection clear
Beam a gay ſunſhine on life's fading year.
But ſee from age, from infant weakneſs ſee,
That man was deſtin'd for ſociety:
There from thoſe ills a ſafe retreat behold,
Which young might vanquiſh, or afflict him old.
" That, in proportion as each being ſtays
In perfect life, it riſes and decays—
Is Nature's law—to forms alone confin'd,
The laws of matter act not on the MIND.
Too feebly, ſure, its faculties muſt grow,
And reaſon brings her borrow'd light too ſlow."
O! *ſtill* cenſorious? Art thou then poſſeſs'd
Of reaſon's power, and does ſhe rule thy breaſt?
Say what the uſe—had providence aſſign'd
To infant years maturity of mind?
That thy pert offſpring, as their father wiſe,
Might ſcorn thy precepts, and thy pow'r deſpiſe?
Or mourn, with ill-match'd faculties at ſtrife,
O'er limbs unequal to the taſk of life?

To feel more ſenſibly the woes that wait
On every period, as on every ſtate;
And ſlight, ſad convicts of each painful truth,
The happier trifles of unthinking youth?
Conclude we then the progreſs of the mind
Ordain'd by wiſdom infinitely kind:
No innate knowledge on the ſoul impreſt,
No birthright inſtinct acting in the breaſt,
No natal light, no beams from Heav'n diſplay'd,
Dart thro' the darkneſs of the mental ſhade.
Perceptive powers we hold from Heaven's decree,
Alike to knowledge, as to virtue free.
In both a lib'ral agency we bear,
The *moral* here, the *intellectual* there;
And hence in both an equal joy is known,
The conſcious pleaſure of an act our own.
When firſt the trembling eye receives the day,
External forms on young perception play;
External forms affect the mind alone,
Their diff'rent pow'rs and properties unknown.
See the pleas'd infant court the flaming brand,
Eager to graſp the glory in its hand!
The cryſtal wave as eager to pervade,
Stretch its fond arms to meet the ſmiling ſhade!
When memory's call the mimic words obey,
And wing the thought that faulters on its way;
When wiſe experience her ſlow verdict draws,
The ſure effect exploring in the cauſe,

In Nature's rude, but not unfruitful wild,
Reflection ſprings, and *Reaſon* is her child:
On her fair ſtock the blooming ſcyon grows,
And brighter thro' revolving ſeaſons blows.
O flower divine! O beauty's eldeſt born!
From life's fair tree by fatal error torn!
Tho' bright the form thy tempted eye to pleaſe,
Too dearly bought for innocence and eaſe.
What tho' by hope of godlike knowledge led,
On thy fair fruit our hapleſs parents fed,
The *good*, alas! they but in mem'ry knew;
Not ſo the *evil*—for they *felt* it too.
Yet, beauteous flow'r! immortal ſhalt thou ſhine,
When dim with age yon golden orbs decline;
Thy orient bloom, unconſcious of decay,
Shall ſpread, and flouriſh in eternal day.
O! with what art, my friend, what early care,
Should wiſdom cultivate a plant ſo fair!
How ſhould her eye the rip'ning mind reviſe,
And blaſt the buds of folly as they riſe!
How ſhould her hand, with induſtry reſtrain
The thriving growth of paſſion's fruitful train,
Aſpiring weeds, whoſe lofty arms would tow'r,
With fatal ſhade, o'er reaſon's tender flow'r.
From low purſuits the ductile mind to ſave,
Creeds that contract, and vices that enſlave;
O'er life's rough ſeas its doubtful courſe to ſteer,
Unbroke by av'rice, bigotry, or fear:

For this fair Science ſpreads her light afar,
And fills the bright urn of her eaſtern ſtar.
The liberal power in no ſequeſter'd cells,
No moonſhine-courts of dreaming ſchoolmen dwells;
Diſtinguiſh'd far her lofty temple ſtands,
Where the tall mountain looks o'er diſtant lands;
All round her throne the graceful arts appear,
That boaſt the empire of the eye or ear.
See, favour'd firſt, and neareſt to the throne,
By the rapt mien of muſing ſilence known,
Fled from herſelf, the POWER OF NUMBERS plac'd,
Her wild thoughts watch'd by Harmony and Taſte.
There (but at diſtance never meant to vie)
The full-form'd image glancing on her eye,
See lively Painting! on her various face,
Quick-gliding forms a moment find a place;
She looks, ſhe acts the character ſhe gives,
And a new feature in each feature lives.
See Attic eaſe in Sculpture's graceful air,
Half looſe her robe, and half unbound her hair;
To life, to life! ſhe ſmiling ſeems to call,
And down her fair hands negligently fall.
Laſt, but not meaneſt, of the glorious choir,
See Muſic, liſt'ning to an angel's lyre.
Simplicity, their beauteous handmaid, dreſt
By Nature, bears a field-flower on her breaſt.
O arts divine! O magic powers that move
The ſprings of truth, enlarging truth, and love!

Loſt in their charms each mean attachment ends,
And taſte and knowledge thus are virtue's friends.
Thus Nature deigns to ſympathize with art,
And leads the moral beauty to the heart;
There, only there, that ſtrong attraction lies,
Which wakes the ſoul, and bids her graces riſe;
Lives in thoſe powers of harmony that bind
Congenial hearts, and ſtretch'd from mind to mind:
Glow'd in that warmth, that ſocial kindneſs gave,
Which once—the reſt is ſilence and the grave.
O tears, that warm from wounded friendſhip flow!
O thoughts that wake to monuments of woe!
Reflection keen, that points the painful dart;
Mem'ry, that ſpeeds its paſſage to the heart;
Sad monitors, your cruel power ſuſpend,
And hide, for ever hide, the buried friend:
—In vain—confeſt I ſee my CRAUFURD ſtand,
And the pen falls—falls from my trembling hand.
E'en death's dim ſhadow ſeeks to hide in vain
That lib'ral aſpect, and that ſmile humane;
E'en death's dim ſhadow wears a languid light,
And his eye beams thro' everlaſting night.
'Till the laſt ſigh of genius ſhall expire,
His keen eye faded, and extinct his fire,
'Till time, in league with envy and with death,
Blaſt the ſkill'd hand, and ſtop the tuneful breath,
My CRAUFURD ſtill ſhall claim the mournful ſong,
So long remember'd, and bewail'd ſo long.

Sent

Sent to the Rev. Dr M——, with the two preceding Epiſtles, by — S ——.

TO wake the ſoul by ev'ry pow'r ſublime,
To ſnatch ELIZA from the ſithe of time,
To tear from Pleaſure's front her gay diſguiſe,
To ſtrip the glories from her ſiſter, Vice,
To lure the ſoul by painting Virtue's ſmile,
Be this the MUSE's, this the POET's toil.
Theſe well-wrought ſcenes to thee the muſe would ſend,
And ſink for once the *teacher* in the *friend*.
Oh! could ſhe boaſt alike her trifling lays,
And ſtand as fair a candidate for praiſe,
As theſe rich ſcenes by true-born Genius wrought,
Where lovely Fancy meets her ſiſter, Thought:
Yet tho' untaught, untutor'd how to ſing,
She ventures fearful on her trembling wing.
Her's be the ſong that ſpeaks the honeſt heart,
Alike a foe to malice or to art;
That checks wild Paſſion in her mad career,
And breathes the notes of Virtue to the ear.

Edinburgh, April 25,
1765.

HYMN
TO THE
RISING SUN.

FROM the red wave riſing bright,
Lift on high thy golden head;
O'er the miſty mountain, ſpread
Thy ſmiling rays of orient light!

See the golden God appear!
Flies the fiend of darkneſs drear;
Flies, and in her gloomy train,
Sable grief, and care, and pain!

See the golden God advance!
On *Taurus'* heights his courſers prance:
With him haſte the vernal hours,
Breathing ſweets, and dropping flowers.

Laughing Summer, at his ſide,
Waves her locks in roſy pride;
And Autumn bland, with aſpect kind,
Bears his golden ſheaf behind.

O haſte, and ſpread the purple day
O'er all the wide ethereal way!
Nature mourns at thy delay:
God of glory, haſte away!

From the red wave rinſig bright,
Lift on high thy golden head;
O'er the miſty mountain, ſpread
Thy ſmiling rays of orient light!

HYMN
TO THE
ETERNAL PROVIDENCE.

I.

LIFE of the world, immortal MIND!
Father of all the human kind,
Whoſe boundleſs eye, that knows no reſt,
Intent on Nature's ample breaſt,
Explores the ſpace of earth and ſkies,
And ſees eternal incenſe riſe!
To Thee, my humble voice I raiſe:
Forgive, while I preſume to praiſe.

II.

Tho' ſhort the life thy Goodneſs gave,
And ſoon deſcending to the grave;
Yet 'twas thy bounty, ſtill, to give
A being that can think and live;
In all thy works thy wiſdom ſee,
And ſtretch its tow'ring mind to Thee!
To Thee, my humble voice I raiſe:
Forgive, while I preſume to praiſe.

III.

And ſtill this poor contracted ſpan,
This life, that bears the name of man,
From Thee derives its vital ray,
Eternal ſource of life and day!
Thy bounty ſtill the ſunſhine pours,
That gilds its morn and evening hours.
To Thee, my humble voice I raiſe:
Forgive, while I preſume to praiſe.

IV.

Thro' Error's maze, thro' Folly's night,
The lamp of Reaſon lends me light.
When ſtern Affliction waves her rod,
My heart confides in thee, my GOD!
When Nature ſhrinks, oppreſs'd with woes;
Ev'n then ſhe finds in Thee repoſe.
To Thee, my humble voice I raiſe:
Forgive, while I preſume to praiſe.

V.

Affliction flies, and Hope returns;
Her lamp with brighter ſplendor burns.
Gay Love with all his ſmiling train,
And Peace and Joy are here again.
Theſe, theſe, I know, 'twas thine to give:
I truſted; and behold! I live.
To Thee, my humble voice I raiſe:
Forgive, while I preſume to praiſe.

VI.

O may I ſtill thy favour prove!
Still grant me gratitude and love.
Let Truth and Virtue guide my heart;
Nor Peace, nor Hope, nor Joy depart.
But yet, whate'er my life may be,
My heart ſhall ſtill repoſe on Thee!
To Thee, my humble voice I raiſe:
Forgive, while I preſume to praiſe.

O D E,

Written in a Cottage-garden, at a Village in *Lorrain*; and occaſioned by a Tradition concerning a Tree of Roſemary.

ARBUSTUM LOQUITUR.

I.

O THOU whom *Love* and *Fancy* lead
To wander near this woodland hill,
If ever muſic ſmooth'd thy quill,
Or pity wak'd thy gentle reed,
Repoſe beneath my humble tree,
If thou lov'ſt Simplicity.

II.

Stranger, if thy lot has laid,
In toilſome ſcenes of buſy life;
Full ſorely may'ſt thou rue the ſtrife
Of weary paſſions ill-repaid.
In a garden live like me,
If thou lov'ſt Simplicity.

III.

Flowers have ſprung for many a year
O'er the village maiden's grave,
That, one memorial-ſprig to ſave,
Bore it from a ſiſter's bier;
And homeward-walking, wept o'er me
The true tears of Simplicity.

IV.

And ſoon, her cottage-window near
With care my ſlender ſtem ſhe plac'd;
And fondly thus her grief embrac'd,
And cheriſh'd ſad remembrance dear:
For Love ſincere, and Friendſhip free
Are children of Simplicity.

V.

When paſt was many a painful day,
Slow-pacing o'er the village-green,
In white were all it's maidens ſeen,
And bore my guardian friend away.
Ah death! what ſacrifice to thee,
The ruins of Simplicity!

VI.

One generous ſwain her heart approv'd,
A youth, whoſe fond and faithful breaſt
With many an artleſs ſigh confeſs'd,
In Nature's language, that he lov'd.
But, ſtranger, 'tis no tale for thee,
Unleſs thou lov'ſt Simplicity.

VII.

He died—and ſoon her lip was cold,
And ſoon her roſy cheek was pale;
The village wept to hear the tale,
When for both the ſlow bell toll'd——
Beneath yon flowery turf they lie,
The lovers of Simplicity.

VIII.

Yet one boon have I to crave;
Stranger if thy pity bleed,
Wilt thou do one tender deed,
And ſtrew my pale flowers o'er their grave?
So lightly lie the turf on thee,
Becauſe thou lov'ſt Simplicity!

HYMN
TO
HUMANITY.

I.

PARENT of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to ſorrow's cry;
If now the pity-ſtreaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive ſtrain, O ſweet HUMANITY.

II.

Come, ever welcome to my breaſt!
A tender, but a chearful gueſt.
Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-conſuming ſorrow dwell;
For ſorrow, long-indulg'd and ſlow,
Is to Humanity a foe;
And grief that makes the heart its prey,
Wears Senſibility away.
Then comes, ſweet nymph! inſtead of thee,
The gloomy fiend Stupidity.

III.

O may that fiend be baniſhed far!
Tho' paſſions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me ceaſe to know
The pulſe that throbs at joy or woe.

Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When ſorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may the tear that frequent flows
From private or from ſocial woes,
E'er make this pleaſing ſenſe depart.
Ye Cares, O harden not my heart!

IV.

If the fair ſtar of fortune ſmile,
Let not its flattering power beguile.
Nor, borne along the fav'ring tide,
My full ſails ſwell with bloating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remembering ſtill it was but lent;
To modeſt Merit ſpread my ſtore,
Unbar my hoſpitable door;
Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,
While Want unpitied pines in vain.

V.

If Heaven, in every purpoſe wiſe,
The envied lot of wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Thro' poverty's uneven road,
And for the due bread of the day,
Deſtin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, HUMANITY ſtill true,
I'll wiſh the good I cannot do;
And give the wretch, that paſſes by,
A ſoothing word——a tear——a ſigh.

VI.

Howe'er exalted, or depreſt,
Be ever mine, the feeling breaſt.
From me remove the ſtagnant mind
Of languid indolence reclin'd;
The ſoul that one long ſabbath keeps,
And thro' the ſun's whole circle ſleeps;
Dull Peace, that dwells in Folly's eye,
And ſelf-attending Vanity.
Alike, the fooliſh, and the vain,
Are ſtrangers to the ſenſe humane.

VII.

O for that ſympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetic eye ſurvey'd
Sion in future aſhes laid!
Or, rais'd to heaven, implor'd the bread
That thouſands in the deſart fed!
Or, when the heart o'er friendſhip's grave
Sigh'd, and forgot its power to ſave———
O for that ſympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow!

VIII.

It comes: it fills my labouring breaſt.
I feel my beating heart oppreſt.
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye! her aſpect pale!

To Heaven ſhe turns in deep deſpair.
Her infants wonder at her prayer,
And, mingling tears, they know not why,
Liſt up their little hands and cry.
O GOD! their moving ſorrows ſee!
Support them, ſweet HUMANITY!

IX.

Life, fill'd with grief's diſtreſsful train,
For ever aſks the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconſcious grove
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part——to meet no more.
Aſſiſt them, hearts from anguiſh free!
Aſſiſt them, ſweet HUMANITY!

X.

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to ſorrow's cry;
If now the pity ſtreaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive ſtrain, O ſweet HUMANITY!

THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT, No I.

On the QUEEN's Birth-day, 1731-2.

Addreſſed to her Majeſty.

By RICHARD SAVAGE, Eſq.

* *

THE unhappy Author of this and the five ſubſequent performances became famous, and attracted the attention of the world, no leſs on account of the calamities which befell him, than his lively and extraordinary genius. Few men ever had a greater ſhare of misfortunes than Mr *Savage*.—They were his cloſe companions from his birth to his tomb; they walked hand in hand with him thro' the ſeveral ſtages of life. Yet, notwithſtanding he was thus trained up in the ſchool of adverſity; tho' he was born down by a depreſſure, few could have withſtood; tho' he was harraſs'd by a ſucceſſive train of the moſt *uncommon* ills; yet his genius ſhone forth from amidſt all theſe hardſhips, his mind ſurmounted all theſe difficulties, and he has left on record performances which will ſecure him the eſteem, while the hiſtory of his life commands the compaſſion, of future ages.

That his actions were often regulated neither by prudence nor virtue, cannot be denied.—But let it be obſerved, that the extraordinary accidents he had to encounter, and the many ſeverities he experienced, forced him into ſcenes, of which,

in his cooler moments he diſapproved, and which were totally repugnant to his nature and diſpoſitions.—Beſides, his peculiar ſituation in the world gave him but few opportunities of making any conſiderable diſplay of the good qualities which he really poſſeſſed. When, however, we conſider him not as a *man*, but a *poet*, the abilities, the excellencies in the latter character, almoſt totally eclipſe the errors and miſtakes in the former.—In this light only we at preſent view him, and in this light will he always be admired.

For the better underſtanding ſome parts of the following poems, it may not be amiſs to lay before the world the outlines of his ſtory—To do more, or go further, would be improper and ſuperfluous; eſpecially as his misfortunes are ſo elegantly painted, and his character ſo accurately deſcribed, by the inimitable pen of the author of the RAMBLER.

He was the unfortunate ſon of the moſt unnatural of mothers, *Ann*, Counteſs of *Macclesfield;* not by her huſband the earl, but adulterouſly begotten by Lord *Rivers*, whoſe name was *Savage*. His mother, ſtrange as it may and will appear, looked upon him, from the moment of his birth, with a kind of reſentment and abhorrence—She reſolved to diſown him, ſhe reſolved to embitter his life and future days—Both ſhe attempted, and both ſhe performed; as the three following inſtances will evidence.

Earl *Rivers*, on his death-bed, deſirous to provide for *this* among *others* of his natural children, ſent to the Counteſs, to enquire after him, who had the monſtrous cruelty to *declare him dead!* whereby he beſtowed upon another 6000 pounds deſigned for our author.—Neither did her enmity ſtop here; ſhe formed a ſcheme, at one time, of ſending him ſecretly to the *American* plantations; at another, of burying him in poverty and obſcurity, by placing him with a ſhoe-maker in *Holburn*.—In the year 1727, he was unfortunately engaged in a quarrel, which terminated in the death of a gentleman; and for this offence, *Savage* and one of his companions were tried, and capitally convicted of murder. Mr *Page*, then on the bench, at the in-

ſtigation of his mother, treated him with the moſt brutal ſeverity, exaſperated the jury againſt him, and miſrepreſented his defence. The convicts, reconducted to priſon, had no hopes of life, but from the Royal Mercy. But, can it be believed! *this* his own parent endeavoured to intercept. Thro' hopes of getting rid of him for ever, ſhe had the horrid inhumanity to prejudice the Queen, in ſo far that her majeſty for a while rejected all petitions offered to her in favours of this unhappy man. At length a friend aroſe whoſe character and rank were too eminent to fail of ſucceſs, the amiable Counteſs of *Hertford*; by her intereſt he was admitted to bail, and afterwards pleaded the royal pardon.

Sometime after this, *Savage* formed the reſolution of applying to the Queen, who having once given him life, he hoped might further extend her goodneſs by enabling him to ſupport it. With this view he publiſhed the following verſes on her birth-day; and tho' he had neither a friend to get him introduced, nor his poem preſented at court, he, in a few days after publication, received a bank bill for fifty pounds, with a gracious meſſage from her Majeſty, "That ſhe was highly pleaſed "with the verſes; that ſhe took particularly kind his lines re-"lating to the king; that he had permiſſion to write annual-"ly on the ſame ſubject, and that he ſhould yearly receive "the like preſent, till ſomething better could be done for him."

The peculiar beauty, and ſtriking ſentiments of ſome following paſſages could neither have been underſtood nor reliſhed without ſome acquaintance of the foregoing ſtory; and this muſt apologize for the unavoidable length of the digreſſion now brought to a concluſion.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

TWICE twenty tedious moons have roll'd away,
Since Hope, kind flatt'rer! tun'd my penſive lay,
Whiſp'ring, that You, who rais'd me from deſpair,
Meant, by your ſmiles, to make life worth my care;

With pitying hand an orphan's tears to ſcreen,
And o'er the motherleſs, extend the Queen.
'Twill be—the Prophet guides the Poet's ſtrain!
Grief never touch'd a heart like yours in vain:
Heav'n gave you pow'r, becauſe you love to bleſs;
And pity, when you feel it, is redreſs.
Two fathers join'd to rob my claim of one!
My mother too thought fit to have no ſon!
The Senate next, whoſe aid the helpleſs own,
Forgot my infant wrongs, and mine alone!
Yet parents pitileſs, nor peers unkind,
Nor titles loſt, nor woes myſterious join'd
Strip me of hope—by Heav'n thus lowly laid,
To find a *Pharaoh*'s *daughter* in the ſhade.
You cannot hear unmov'd, when wrongs implore;
Your heart is woman, tho' your mind be more:
Kind, like the pow'r who gave you to our pray'rs,
You would not lengthen life to ſharpen cares:
They, who a barren leave to live beſtow,
Snatch but from death, to ſacrifice to woe.
Hated by her, from whom my life I drew,
Whence ſhould I hope, if not from Heav'n and you!
Nor dare I groan beneath affliction's rod,
My Queen my mother, and my Father GOD.
The pitying Muſes ſaw me wit purſue;
A *baſtard ſon*, alas! on that ſide too,
Did not your eyes exalt the Poet's fire,
And what the Muſe denies, the Queen inſpire,

While riſing thus your heav'nly ſoul to view,
I learn how angels think by copying you.
Great Princeſs! 'tis decreed—once ev'ry year
I march uncall'd your *Laureat Volunteer;*
Thus ſhall your Poet his low genius raiſe,
And charm the world with truths too vaſt for praiſe.
Nor need I dwell on glories all your own,
Since ſurer means to tempt your ſmiles are known;
Your Poet ſhall allot your Lord his part,
And paint him in his nobleſt throne, your heart.
Is there a greatneſs that adorns him beſt,
A riſing wiſh, that ripens in his breaſt?
Has he foremeant ſome diſtant age to bleſs,
Diſarm oppreſſion, or expel diſtreſs?
Plans he ſome ſcheme to reconcile mankind,
People the ſeas, and buſy ev'ry wind?
Would he by pity the deceiv'd reclaim,
And ſmile contending factions into ſhame?
Would his example lend his laws a weight,
And breathe his own ſoft morals o'er his ſtate?
The Muſe ſhall find it all, ſhall make it ſeen,
And teach the world his praiſe, to charm his Queen.
Such be the annual truths my verſe imparts;
Nor frown, fair *fav'rite* of a people's hearts!
Happy if plac'd, perchance, beneath your eye,
My muſe, unpenſion'd, might her pinions try;
Fearleſs to fail, whilſt you indulge her flame,
And bid me proudly boaſt your Laureat's name;
Renobled thus, by wreaths my Queen beſtows,
I loſe all memory of wrongs and woes.

****

THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT, No VII.

For the 1ſt of March, 1738.

A POEM

Sacred to the Memory of the late QUEEN.

Addreſſed to his Majeſty.

OFT has the Muſe, on this diſtinguiſh'd day,
Tun'd to glad harmony the vernal lay;
But, O lamented change! the lay muſt flow
From grateful rapture now to grateful woe.
She, to this day who joyous luſtre gave,
Deſcends for ever to the ſilent grave:
She, born at once to charm us and to mend;
Of human race the pattern and the friend.
To be or fondly, or ſeverely kind,
To check the raſh, or prompt the better mind,
Parents ſhall learn from Her, and thus ſhall draw
From filial love alone, a filial awe.
Who ſeek in av'rice wiſdom's art to ſave;
Who often ſquander, yet who never gave;
From her theſe know the righteous *mean* to find;
And the mild virtue ſtole on half mankind.

The laviſh now caught frugal Wiſdom's lore;
Yet ſtill, the more they ſav'd, beſtow'd the more.
Now miſers learn'd at other's woes to melt,
And ſaw and wonder'd at the change they felt.
The gen'rous, when on Her they turn'd their view,
The gen'rous ev'n themſelves more gen'rous grew,
Learn'd the ſhun'd haunts of ſhame-fac'd Want to trace;
To goodneſs' delicacy adding grace.
The conſcious cheek no riſing bluſh confeſs'd,
Nor dwelt one thought to pain the modeſt breaſt;
Kind and more kind did thus her bounty ſhower,
And knew no limit, but a bounded power.
This truth the widow's ſighs, alas! proclaim;
For this the orphan's tears embalm her fame.
The wiſe beheld her, learning's ſummit gain;
Yet never giddy grow, nor ever vain;
But on one ſcience point a ſtedfaſt eye;
That ſcience, how to live, and how to die.

Say, MEMORY, while to thy grateful ſight
Ariſe her virtues in unfading light,
What joys were our's, what ſorrows now remain:
Ah! how ſublime the bliſs! how deep the pain!

And thou, bright Princeſs, ſeated now on high,
Next one, the faireſt daughter of the ſky,
Whoſe warm-felt love is to all beings known,
Thy ſiſter Charity! next her thy throne;
See at thy tomb the Virtues weeping lie!
There dumb in ſorrow ſeem the Arts to die.

So were the Sun o'er other orbs to blaze,
And from our world, like thee, withdraw his rays,
No more to viſit where he warm'd before,
All life muſt ceaſe, and Nature be no more.
Yet ſhall the Muſe a heav'nly height eſſay
Beyond the weakneſs mix'd with mortal clay;
Beyond the loſs, which, tho' ſhe bleeds to ſee,
Tho' ne'er to be redeem'd, the loſs of thee;
Beyond ev'n this, ſhe hails with joyous lay
Thy better birth, thy firſt true natal day;
A day, that ſees thee born, beyond the tomb,
To endleſs health, to youth's eternal bloom;
Born to the mighty dead, the ſouls ſublime
Of ev'ry famous age, and ev'ry clime;
To goodneſs fix'd by truth's unvarying laws;
To bliſs that knows no period, knows no pauſe—
Save when thine eye, from yonder pure ſerene,
Sheds a ſoft ray on this our gloomy ſcene.
With me me now Liberty and Learning mourn,
From all relief, like thy lov'd Conſort, torn;
For where can Prince or People hope relief,
When each contend to be ſupreme in grief?
So vy'd thy virtues, that could point the way,
So well to govern, yet ſo well obey
Deign one look more! Ah! ſee thy Conſort dear
Wiſhing all hearts, except his own, to chear.
Lo! ſtill he bids thy wonted bounty flow
To weeping families of worth and woe.

He ſtops all tears, however faſt they riſe,
Save thoſe that ſtill muſt fall from grateful eyes;
And ſpite of griefs, that ſo uſurp his mind,
Still watches o'er the welfare of mankind.
Father of thoſe, whoſe rights thy care defends,
Still moſt their own, when moſt their ſov'reign's friends;
Then chiefly brave, from bondage chiefly free,
When moſt they truſt, when moſt they copy thee;
Ah! let the loweſt of thy Subjects pay
His honeſt heart-felt tributary lay;
In anguiſh happy, if permitted here,
One ſigh to vent, to drop one virtuous tear;
Happier, if pardon'd, ſhould he wildly moan,
And with a monarch's ſorrow mix his own.

THE

Triumph of HEALTH and MIRTH,

A POEM occaſioned by the Recovery of BELINDA, a Lady of Quality, at BATH.

WHERE *Thames* with pride beholds *Auguſta*'s charms,
And either *India* pours into her arms;
Where liberty bids honeſt arts abound,
And pleaſures dance in one eternal round;

High-thron'd appears the laughter-loving dame,
Goddeſs of Mirth! *Euphroſyne* her name.
Her ſmile more chearful than a vernal morn;
All life! all bloom! of Youth and Fancy born.
Touch'd into joy, what hearts to her ſubmit!
She looks her *ſire*, and ſpeaks her *mother*'s wit.
O'er the gay world the ſweet inſpirer reigns;
Spleen flies, and elegance her pomp ſuſtains.
Thee, Goddeſs! thee! the fair and young obey;
Wealth, Wit, Love, Muſic, all confeſs thy ſway.
In the bleak wild ev'n Want by thee is bleſs'd,
And pamper'd Pride without thee pines for reſt.
The rich grow richer, while in thee they find
The matchleſs treaſure of a ſmiling mind.
Science by thee flows ſoft in ſocial eaſe;
And Virtue, loſing rigour, learns to pleaſe.
The Goddeſs ſummons each illuſtrious name,
Bids the gay talk, and forms th' amuſive game.
She, whoſe fair throne is fix'd in human ſouls,
From joy to joy her eye delighted rolls.
But where (ſhe cry'd) is ſhe, my fav'rite! ſhe,
Of all my race, the deareſt far to me!
Whoſe life's the life of each refin'd delight?
She ſaid—but no BELINDA glads her ſight.
Swift ſunk her laughing eyes in languid fear;
Swift roſe the ſwelling ſigh, and trembling tear.
In kind low murmurs all the loſs deplore;
BELINDA droops, and pleaſure is no more.

The Goddeſs ſilent, paus'd in muſeful air;
But Mirth, like Virtue, cannot long deſpair,
Celeſtial-hinted thoughts gay hope inſpir'd,
Smiling ſhe roſe, and all with hope were fir'd.
Straight wafted on the tepid breeze ſhe flies,
Where *Bath*'s aſcending turrets meet her eyes;
She flies, her elder ſiſter Health to find;
She finds her on the mountain-brow reclin'd.
Around her birds in earlieſt conſort ſing;
Her cheek the ſemblance of the kindling ſpring;
Freſh-tinctur'd like a ſummer-evening ſky,
And a mild ſun ſits ſmiling in her eye.
Looſe to the wind her verdant veſtments flow;
Her limbs yet-recent from the ſprings below;
There oft ſhe bathes, then peaceful ſits ſecure,
Where every gale is fragrant, freſh, and pure;
Where flowers and herbs their cordial odours blend,
And ſoul reviving virtues faſt aſcend.
Hail ſiſter, hail! (the kindred Goddeſs cries)
No common ſuppliant ſtands before your eyes:
You, with whoſe living breath the morn is fraught,
Fluſh the fair cheek, and point the chearful thought!
Strength, Vigour, Wit, depriv'd of thee, decline!
Each finer ſenſe that forms delight, is thine!
Bright ſuns by thee diffuſe a brighter blaze,
And the freſh green a freſher green diſplays!
Without thee pleaſures die, or dully coy,
And life with thee, howe'er depreſs'd, is joy.

Such thy vaſt power!—The Deity replies,
Mirth never aſks a boon, which Health denies.
Our mingled gifts tranſcend imperial wealth;
Health ſtrengthens Mirth, and Mirth inſpirits Health.
Theſe gales, yon ſprings, herbs, flowers and ſun are mine;
Thine is their ſmile! be all their influence thine.
Euphroſyne rejoins—Thy friendſhip prove!
See the dear, ſickening object of my love!
Shall that warm heart, ſo chearful even in pain,
So form'd to pleaſe, unpleas'd itſelf remain?
Siſter! in her my ſmile anew diſplay,
And all the ſocial world ſhall bleſs thy ſway.
Swift, as ſhe ſpeaks, Health ſpreads the purple wing,
Soars in the colour'd clouds, and ſheds the ſpring:
Now bland and ſweet ſhe floats along in air;
Air feels, and ſoftening owns th' ethereal fair!
In ſtill deſcent ſhe melts on opening flowers,
And deep impregnates plants with genial ſhowers.
The genial ſhowers, new riſing to the ray,
Exhale in roſeat clouds, and glad the day.
Now in a Zephyr's borrow'd voice ſhe ſings,
Sweeps the freſh dews, and ſhakes them from her wings,
Shakes them embalm'd; or, in a gentle kiſs,
Breathes the ſure earneſt of awakening bliſs.
The patient feels it, with a ſoft ſurprize,
Glide thro' her veins, and quicken in her eyes!

Inſtant in her own form the Goddeſs glows,
Where, bubbling warm, the mineral water flows;
Then plunging, to the flood new virtue gives;
Steeps ev'ry charm; and, as ſhe bathes, it lives!
As from her locks ſhe ſheds the vital ſhower,
'Tis done! (ſhe cries,) theſe ſprings poſſeſs my power!
Let theſe immediate to thy darling roll
Health, vigour, life, and gay-returning ſoul.
Thou ſmileſt, *Euphroſyne;* and conſcious, ſee,
Prompt to thy ſmile, how Nature joys with thee!
All is green life! all beauty roſy bright!
Full harmony, young love, and dear delight!
See vernal hours lead circling joys along!
All ſun, all bloom, all fragrance, and all ſong!
Receive thy care! now Mirth and Health combine.
Each heart ſhall gladden, and each virtue ſhine.
Quick to *Auguſta* bear thy prize away;
There let her ſmile, and bid a world be gay.

EPITAPH on a young LADY.

CLOS'D are thoſe eyes, that beam'd ſeraphic fire;
Cold is that breaſt, which gave the world deſire;
Mute is the voice, where winning ſoftneſs warm'd,
Where muſic melted, and where wiſdom charm'd,
And lively wit, which decently confin'd,
No prude e'er thought impure, no friend unkind.

Could modeſt knowledge, fair untrifling youth,
Perſuaſive reaſon and endearing truth,
Could honour, ſhewn in friendſhips moſt refin'd,
And ſenſe, that ſhields th' attempted virtuous mind,
The ſocial temper never known to ſtrife,
The height'ning graces that embelliſh life;
Could theſe have e'er the darts of Death defied,
Never, ah! never had *Melinda* died;
Nor can ſhe die—ev'n now ſurvives her name,
Immortaliz'd by Friendſhip, Love and Fame.

To a LADY,

Sent with POPE's Works.

SEE female vice and female folly here,
Rallied with wit polite, or laſh'd ſevere!
Let POPE preſent ſuch objects to our view!
Such are, my fair, the full reverſe of you.
Rapt when, to *Loddon*'s ſtream * from *Windſor*'s ſhades,
He ſings the modeſt charms of ſylvan maids;
Dear *Burford*'s hills in mem'ry's eye appear,
And *Luddal*'s ſpring † ſtill murmurs in my ear:
But when you ceaſe to bleſs my longing eyes,
Dumb is the ſpring, the joyleſs proſpect dies:

* Alluding to the beautiful epiſode of *Loddona*, in *Windſor-foreſt*.

† A ſpring near *Burford*.

Come then, my charmer, come! here tranſport reigns!
New health, new youth inſpirits all my veins.
Each hour let intercourſe of hearts employ!
Thou life of lovelineſs! thou ſoul of joy!
Love wakes the birds—oh hear each melting lay!
Love warms the world—come charmer, come away!
But hark!—immortal POPE reſumes the lyre!
Diviner airs, diviner flights, inſpire:
Hark! where an angel's language tunes the line!
See where the thoughts and looks of angels ſhine!
Here he pour'd all the muſic of your tongue,
And all your looks and thoughts unconſcious ſung.

THE FRIEND:

An EPISTLE to AARON HILL, Eſq;

O MY lov'd HILL! O thou, by Heav'n deſign'd,
To charm, to mend, and to adorn mankind!
To thee my hopes, fears, joys and ſorrows tend,
Thou brother, father, nearer yet!—thou *friend!*
If worldly friendſhips oft cement, divide,
As intereſts vary, or as whims preſide;
If leagues of lux'ry borrow friendſhip's light;
Or leagues ſubverſive of all ſocial right:
Oh! ſay, my HILL, in what propitious ſphere
Gain we the *friend,* pure, knowing and ſincere?

'Tis where the worthy, and the wiſe retire;
There, wealth may learn its uſe, may love inſpire;
There, may young worth the nobleſt end obtain,
In want may friends, in friends may knowledge gain;
In knowledge bliſs; for wiſdom virtue finds,
And brightens mortal to immortal minds.
Kind then my wrongs, if love, like yours, ſucceed!
For you, like Virtue, are a friend indeed.

Oft when you ſaw my youth wild error know,
Reproof, ſoft hinted, taught the bluſh to glow.
Young and unform'd, you firſt my genius rais'd,
Juſt ſmil'd when faulty, and when mod'rate prais'd.
Me ſhun'd, me ruin'd (ſuch a *mother*'s rage!)
You ſung, till pity wept o'er every page.
You call'd my lays and wrongs to early fame;
Yet, yet th' obdurate *mother* felt no ſhame.
Pierc'd as I was! your counſel ſoften'd care,
To eaſe turn'd anguiſh, and to hope deſpair.
The man who never wound afflictive feels,
He never felt the balmy worth that heals.
Welcome the wound, when bleſt with ſuch relief!
For deep is felt the friend, when felt in grief.

From you ſhall never, but with life, remove
Aſpiring genius, condeſcending love.
When ſome, with cold, ſuperior looks, redreſs,
Relief ſeems inſult, and *confirms* diſtreſs:
You, when you view the man with wrongs beſieg'd,
While warm you act th' obliger, ſeem th' oblig'd.

All winning-mild to each of lowly ſtate,
To equals free, unſervile to the great;
Greatneſs you honour, when by worth acquir'd;
Worth is by worth, in ev'ry rank, admir'd.
Greatneſs you ſcorn, when titles inſult ſpeak;
Proud to vain pride, to honour'd meekneſs meek.
That worthleſs bliſs, which others court, you fly;
That worthy woe, they ſhun, attracts your eye.
But ſhall the Muſe reſound alone your praiſe?
No—let the *public friend* exalt her lays!
Oh trace *that friend* with me!—he's yours!—he's mine!—
The world's!—beneficent behold him ſhine!
Is *wealth* his ſphere? If *riches*, like a tide,
From either *India* pour their golden pride;
Rich in good works, him others wants employ;
He gives the widow's heart to ſing for joy.
To orphans, priſoners, ſhall his bounty flow;
The weeping family of want and woe.
Is *knowledge* his? Benevolently great,
In leiſure active, and in care ſedate;
What aid his *little wealth* perchance denies,
In each *hard inſtance* his *advice* ſupplies.
With modeſt truth he ſets the wand'ring right,
And gives *religion* pure primaeval light;
In love diffuſive, as in light refin'd,
The lib'ral emblem of his Maker's mind.

Is *pow'r* his orb? He then, like *pow'r divine*,
On all, tho' with a varied ray, will ſhine.
Ere power was his, the man he once careſs'd
Meets the ſame faithful ſmile, and mutual breaſt.
But aſks his friend ſome dignity of ſtate;
His friend, unequal to th' incumbent weight?
Aſks it a ſtranger, one whom parts inſpire
With all a people's welfare would require?
His choice admits no pauſe; his gift will prove
All private well abſorb'd in public love.
He ſhields his *country*, when for aid ſhe calls;
Or, ſhould ſhe fall, with her he greatly falls.
But (as proud *Rome*, with guilty conqueſt crown'd,
Spread ſlavery, death, and deſolation round)
Should ere his country, for dominion's prize,
Againſt the ſons of men a faction riſe,
Glory in hers, is in his eye diſgrace;
The friend of truth, the friend of human race.
Thus to no one, no ſect, no clime confin'd,
His boundleſs love embraces all mankind;
And all their virtues in his life are known,
And all their joys and ſorrows are his own.
Theſe are the lights where ſtands *that friend* confeſt;
This, this the ſpirit which informs thy breaſt.
Thro' fortune's cloud thy genuine worth can ſhine:
What would'ſt thou not, were wealth and greatneſs thine?

To RICHARD SAVAGE, Esq;

Son of the Earl Rivers.

By JOHN DYER, L. L. B.

Author of *Grongar Hill*, the *Ruins of Rome*, and the *Fleece*.

SINK not, my friend, beneath misfortune's weight,
Pleas'd to be found intrinſically great!
Shame on the dull, who thinks the ſoul looks leſs,
Becauſe the body wants a glitt'ring dreſs.
It is the mind's for ever bright attire,
The mind's embroid'ry, that the wiſe admire.
That which looks rich to the groſs, vulgar eyes,
Is the fop's tinſel, which the grave deſpiſe.
Wealth dims the eyes of crouds; and, while they gaze,
The coxcomb's ne'er diſcover'd in the blaze.
As few the vices of the wealthy ſee,
So virtues are conceal'd by poverty.
Earl Rivers!—in that name how wouldſt thou
ſhine!
Thy verſe how ſweet! thy fancy how divine!
Critics and bards would by thy worth be aw'd,
And all would think it merit to applaud.
But thou haſt nought to pleaſe the vulgar eye,
No title haſt, nor what might titles buy.

Thou wilt ſmall praiſe, but much ill-nature find,
Clear to thy errors, to thy beauties blind;
And if, tho' few, they any faults can ſee,
How meanly bitter will cold cenſure be?
But ſince we all, the wiſeſt of us, err,
Sure 'tis the greateſt fault to be ſevere.
A few, however, yet expect to find
Among the miſty millions of mankind,
Who proudly ſtoop to aid an injur'd cauſe,
And o'er the ſneer of coxcombs force applauſe;
Who, with felt pleaſure, ſee fair Virtue riſe
And lift her upward to the beck'ning prize;
Or mark her lab'ring in the modeſt breaſt,
And honour her the more, the more depreſt.
Thee, *Savage*, thee (the juſtly great) admire;
Thee, quickning judgment's phlegm with fancy's fire,
Thee, ſlow to cenſure, earneſt to commend,
An able critic but a willing friend.

SICKNESS and RECOVERY.

By the Rev. Mr MOSES BROWNE.

The elegant author of ſeveral poems publiſhed in the *Gentleman's Magazine;* alſo of *The Univerſe*, a poetical eſſay in four books, and *Sunday Thoughts*, publiſhed in one volume by Mr *Millar* in the *Strand*, LONDON. Few performances in the Engliſh language have been more admired than theſe, by the

friends either of *piety* or *poetry*. The five following ſhort detached pieces, which have appeared but once in print, will ſuffice to give a convincing proof that he is no leſs the friend of Religion than the favourite of the Muſes.

WHEN fev'riſh poiſons ſeiz'd my tainted blood,
And chill and languid mov'd the vital flood,
From the ſad breaſt, o'erwhelm'd with fears and woes,
To Heav'n my feeble ſighs for reſcue roſe.
" My GOD, (I cry'd) oh ſave! all-pow'rful friend!
" From the dark grave my threat'ned life defend.
" In manhood's prime, my noon of uſeful days,
" Spare me, mild parent! for thy ſervice raiſe.
" Yet unprepar'd—defil'd with conſcious ſtains,
" A reſpite deign—to purge the dread remains—
He, pitying goodneſs! my diſtreſs ſurvey'd,
Heard the griev'd prayer, and quick relief convey'd.
Sent the kind friend to aid my helpleſs hour,
And gave to Art her ſalutary pow'r.
He ſtill'd my anguiſh, He my plaint ſuppreſt,
And ſeal'd my ſleepleſs eyes in balmy reſt:
Bid roſy Health a gentle cure apply,
Fluſh my wan cheek, and beam my lifeleſs eye,
Bid ſtrength mature my fault'ring limbs ſuſtain,
And rais'd me from the bed of griefs and pain.
Am I reſtor'd, kind Heav'n! from dreaded woes,
To health, to vig'rous ſtrength, to freſh repoſe!
O what returns are juſt, his grateful dues,
Who from the tomb my waſted form renews!

But where is ſhe?—ah where! the lov'd, the kind?
Long to my heart by cloſeſt ties conjoin'd,
Who us'd my cares to ſoothe, my joys to raiſe,
Soft, ſweet companion of my pleaſing days?
Who but ſo late, with fondeſt fears poſſeſt,
My ſick'ning ſide with watchful tendence preſt?
Alas! how ſoon, in childbed's tort'rous throws,
My ſuffering dear has left her life and woes.
I heard, unhappy! her ſevere diſtreſs,
Grief, which no pray'rs, no ſuccours could redreſs:
Alone, encirled with the midnight gloom,
Heard the faint ſigh, that ſeal'd her haſty doom.
Too ſudden loſt, her piteous plight to tell,
To print one kiſs, or breathe one ſhort farewell.
From tend'reſt friends, from weeping orphans torn,
From widow'd me—ME! deſtin'd long to mourn.
Ah quite bereft!——but let my murmurs reſt;
Heav'n dooms—and all his will ordains is beſt.
Beſt, tho' ſevere the lot—but oh! my heart
Feels the keen pang, the throb on Nature's part—
Adieu, all-lovely, grac'd with virtues dear,
Whate'er could heave the ſigh, or ſwell the tear;
Adieu——yet not eternal our remove;
Soon we in happier realms ſhall meet and love.
With no mixt ills its fervour to alloy,
Pure ſhall our paſſion glow, nor pall our joy.
For the ſoft view, that ſcene of bliſsful reſt,
Tune, Heav'nly Pow'r, this inharmonious breaſt!

Wean me from earth, from its deluſions ſave,
And point my hopes to joys beyond the grave.
Teach me the life, ſo kindly ſpar'd, to uſe——
In Vice not waſted, not in Sloth to loſe.
Rul'd by thy laws, to all thy will reſign'd,
And active for the good of human kind;
Then—pleas'd, remove me (from this loneſome cell)
Where my dear Saint, my God and Saviour dwell.

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VERSES on the Marriage of Mr DANIEL BOOTH, jun.

IF 'mid the joys that crown thy happy choice,
Thy ear has leiſure for the muſe's voice;
Thou, to my heart by laſting bonds endear'd,
Grac'd by thy favours, by thy bounty chear'd;
Wilt thou, *beſt friend!* this debt of love receive,
And in thy ſmile a pleas'd reception give?
Tho' late my grateful numbers I employ,
Warm are my wiſhes for thy nuptial joy.
In manhood's bloom, by virtuous paſſions ſway'd,
The graceful youth betrothes th' accompliſh'd maid.
O may each planet of benignant pow'r
Mark with white omens that auſpicious hour!
Serene as o'er thy bliſsful parents ſhed
Indulgent rays, and bleſt their genial bed:

A choice diſtinguiſh'd pair; nor leſs ſhall prove
The bright example of your mutual love.
In thee, thy generous ſire's lov'd form we find,
And mark the nearer ſemblance of his mind;
In thy young breaſt his virtues all reſide,
And all thy mother's, grace thy lovely bride.
If thy fair pattern might our youth engage,
No longer Vice ſhould taint th' enormous age.
Chaſte love, alone, ſhould warm each manly breaſt,
And marriage be no more an impious jeſt.
Marriage! wiſe Heaven's appointed law to bind
In juſt reſtraints th' ungovern'd human kind:
From thee relation, all the ſacred names
Of huſband, parent, ſon, derive their claims;
Pure inſtinct! gift of Nature's purer Lord,
To man's due reverence be thy rights reſtor'd!
Wide may thy gentle rule its empire raiſe,
And from this pair acquire diſtinguiſh'd praiſe.
And you, bleſt lovers, by deſert ally'd,
The worthieſt bridegroom, and the lovelieſt bride!
Live long! live happy!—for the honour'd pair
Oft ſhall I breathe to Heav'n this duteous pray'r.
And if wiſe Providence the wiſh approves,
And a fair offspring crown their ſpotleſs loves,
May the priz'd father in his race be ſeen,
His graceful perſon and his winning mien:
But O! in lively portrait be expreſs'd
The virtues that enrich his gen'rous breaſt;

His ſweet humanity, his ſteady truth,
And the pure zeal of his religious youth:
Like him, a friend to human race profeſt,
To man a bleſſing, and by mankind bleſt.
May thy fair iſſue bloom with female charms,
Bright as the mother brings to bleſs thy arms;
Thy age's comfort, when thy uſeful date,
By Time protracted, ſhall decline to Fate.
Far be th' averted hour, long years behind,
E'er this cloſe union be by Heav'n disjoin'd:
And when (tho' late) at Heav'n's appointing will
Thy finiſh'd life muſt Nature's claim fulfil,
When thy dear Saviour on that joyful coaſt
Shall ſafe receive thee from th' angelic hoſt,
May thy pleas'd Judge the crown prepar'd beſtow;
——Thy Merit will embalm thy name below.

VERSES to the Memory of MRS BOOTH, late Wife of DANIEL BOOTH, Eſq;

THO' rude the verſe, tho' long with-held the lays,
Gloom'd with thy loſs, unequal to thy praiſe,
Bright Saint! O yet be thine theſe weeping ſtrains,
A laſt ſad tribute to thy lov'd remains.

Vain grief!—not all our efforts can ſuffice,
To wail with due concern thy mourn'd demiſe.
If verſe could have thy haſty doom delay'd,
Or back to earth could charm thy parted ſhade,
If ſighs or tears thy valued life could ſave,
Diſſolve thy fetters, or unſeal thy grave,
What muſe that knew thy worth would ſilence keep,
What breaſt refuſe to groan? or eye to weep?
But be the voice of ſorrow now ſuppreſt;
Calm, as when living, may her aſhes reſt:
Let our deep grief becoming ſilence tell,
Or language only boaſt ſhe died ſo well.
With no black ſhade their luſtre to oppoſe,
Her virtues ſet unclouded, as they roſe.
To one fix'd point did all her actions tend;
This mark'd the means, and This ſecur'd the end;
Taught her clear life its even courſe to run,
With Honour ended, as with Truth begun;
The finiſh'd wife, the matchleſs mother form'd,
And with Heav'n's pureſt zeal the Chriſtian warm'd.
Hers was th' expanded ſoul, the lib'ral mind,
"Foe to no party, friend to all mankind;"
The humane heart, to no reſentment prone,
Still each one's faults forgiving, but her own:
Her own! ſo few, ſo ſmall, as ſerv'd to ſhow
Perfection, only, is not ours below.
O brighteſt glory of my happier days!
Once cheer'd, once bleſs'd with thy indulging rays,

Who deign'd, untainted with the pride of power,
To grace with free converſe my humble hour;
In whom my hopes, encourag'd to depend,
Still found the *patron*, ſtill might boaſt the *friend*,
Boaſt ev'n the *parent* in thy watchful aid,
When in youth's flower a drooping orphan made;
Who ſtill'd my fears, bid all my gloom depart,
Try'd help, when Want and Pain beſieg'd my heart!
O if regardful now! while bleſs'd above;
If conſcious to the ſtrains of duteous love,
While the proud lays thy kind regard diſcloſe,
And my torn boſom throbs with grateful woes;
While vex'd with frequent ſtorms, half loſt to life,
O'erwhelm'd, unfriended in a world of ſtrife;
Forgive, amid thy joys, O ever dear!
If my fond frailty drops the erring tear,
From my ſwell'd breaſt will break th' impetuous moan,
Guſh the pent flood, and burſt th' impaſſion'd groan.
Forbid not ſorrows that are Nature's claim;
What ſuits the friend, the parent's reverenc'd name,
At leaſt are to thy ſacred manes due;
For both I honour'd, both have loſt in you.—
—Yet, tho' in bliſs, above our ſorrows rais'd,
Tho' too exalted to be mourn'd or prais'd,
The fame my muſe would give, do thou beſtow,
And o'er thy marble let my laurels grow.

* * * *

Muſing by a River.

By *Lea*'s dear banks, where join'd in play
My youth's ſmooth hour ſtole pleas'd away,
Late wand'ring; by reflection preſt;
Thus, taught the *friend!* the *mental gueſt.*
Sweet ſtream! where moſt my haunts delight,
Whoſe ſcenes to ſolemn thought invite;
May my calm life reſemble thee,
Such pleaſure give, ſo uſeful be.
As paſſing ſtraws and buoyant leaves
Thy yielding ſurface, but, receives,
While pearls that lure the ſearching eye,
Deep treaſur'd, in thy boſom lie:
May trifles ſuch reception find;
Float, merely tranſient, on my mind,
While weightier thoughts admiſſion win,
Sink its whole depths, and reſt within.
As the large face the Heav'ns expoſe,
Thy pure, reflecting mirrour ſhows,
Yet paints, in ſmall, terreſtrial ſcenes,
Some bordering flowers or pendant greens:
So, with reſemblances divine,
My copying life direct to ſhine;
While Earth's faint forms, grown diſtant—leſs—
Their fewer images impreſs.

Teach me thy conſtancy—to force
O'er bars, and ſtreights, a ſtubborn courſe;
Not idly in ſuſpenſion held—
Thy path not chang'd, tho' oft repell'd.
Thy patience teach my ruffled ſoul,
When, like thy waves, its motions roll;
Who vex'd to foam, while paſſions fray,
Gentle, in ſmiles, ſoon paſs away.
Teach me thy rule of temp'rate bliſs,
Pleas'd, juſt thy flow'ry banks to kiſs:
Yet by no ſweets allur'd aſide,
Till ocean ſtops thy reſtleſs tide.
O may'ſt thou, pattern wiſe, diſpenſe,
Mod'rate to taſte the charms of ſenſe!
Still preſſing to my wiſh'd abode,
Nor fix'd, till at my centre—GOD.

ASTRONOMY,

Its Diſcoveries, Improvements, Uſe and Excellency.

WHEN day's faint beams their ſcatter'd light recall,
And darkneſs mantles half this earthly ball,
From its dim proſpects, my aſſiſted eyes
Stretch far, and penetrate th' illumin'd ſkies.
Lo! above all, the pure cerulean height
Is ſpangled o'er with numerous orbs of light;

Worlds far remote, to human ſearch unknown,
The ſeats of various beings, like our own;
Of all thoſe ſparks which ſtud th' ethereal blue,
And ſeem innumerous to the dazzled view,
Six chiefly bear the planetary name,
And one entire harmonious ſyſtem frame;
All round the ſun their common centre roll,
And reach, at diff'rent times, their annual goal.
Thoſe nearer, gravitate with ſwifter pace,
Small are their orbs, and ſhorter is their race;
While thoſe remote, a larger orbit trace.

First, verging on the lucid fount of day,
Bright *Mercury* directs his circling way;
In three ſhort months he rounds the ſolar ſphere,
His ſeaſons ſhift, and ends his tranſient year.
Next *Venus* matchleſs in her brilliant light,
Who ſeems the leſſer *Cynthia* of the night,
Her orbit meaſures round the ſtation'd ſun,
And double time requires her courſe to run.

Lo! in the midſt, fair *Earth*, our native ſeat,
And her attendant *Moon*, their courſe repeat.

And, higher, ſee! in twice our annual ſpace
Revolving, *Mars* conclude his larger race.

Then *Jove*, prodigious planet of the ſkies!
His orb preſents, of huge amazing ſize:
In bulk none equals his enormous maſs;
The whole joint ſyſtems his contents ſurpaſs;

On earth twelve years their date compleatly cloſe,
E'er his one finiſh'd revolution knows.
For ſignal honour made, behold! afar,
Four radiant moons ſurround th' imperial ſtar,
(Large as our boaſted world) whoſe ſilver light
Refreſh his regions in the gloom of night.
Nor this the fancy of deluded eyes,
Mark'd are their periods thro' ſublimer ſkies;
Oft does th' Aſtronomer his tube diſplay,
And view them in eclipſe, with pleas'd ſurvey:
To this, the curious their diſcovery owe
Of light's ſwift motion, and its meaſure know.
View *Saturn* laſt; how faint his diſtant gleam!
(Sublimeſt planet in our ſolar ſcheme)
Tho' vaſt his globe; ſo large his orbit's ſpace,
Our thirty years but ſhow his annual race:
Yet here th' aſſiſted eye, with pleas'd amaze,
A freſh ſupply of lunar orbs ſurveys;
Tho' weaken'd pupil only three can gain,
The more for future viſion may remain:
Some fam'd obſervers hold that five belong
To his fair world, and raiſe ſuſpicion ſtrong,
Theſe in the planet's ſad benighted hour
From different quarters their refulgence pour,
Chear his huge plains, or in eclipſes view'd
May teach his ſailor needful longitude.
Muſe! raiſe thy voice, myſterious truth to ſing;
How o'er the copious orb a lucid ring,

Opake and broad, is ſeen its arch to ſpread,
Round the big globe at ſtated periods led:
Perhaps (it's uſe unknown) with gather'd heat
To aid the regions of that gelid ſeat,
The want of nearer *Phœbus* to ſupply,
And warm with reflex beams his ſummer ſky;
Elſe might the high-plac'd world expos'd to froſt
Lie waſte, in one eternal winter loſt.

Above, appear the comet's devious train,
Revolving ſlowly thro' th' ecliptic plane;
Unknown their number, as their uſe unknown,
But found vaſt orbs, erratic like our own;
Not as blind antients * taught—mere meteors all
Exhal'd and rang'd beneath the lunar ball:
Five hundred circling years their round repeat,
E'er ſome their tedious periods can compleat.
How denſe a compound muſt their globes require,
Whole ages chill'd with froſts, or ſcorch'd by fire!
Whether to diſtant ſuns by turns convey'd,
Far ſyſtems they ſupply with ſecret aid,
Or dolorous manſions ſerve of penal woe,
Too vainly curious, we aſpire to know:
None can their ſtrange phœnomena impart,
Humbling to human pride, the foil of art.

Now to freſh wonders—let thy ſearch remove;
Seeſt thou thoſe orbs that num'rous roll above?

* The Peripatetics.

Thoſe lamps that nightly greet thy viſual pow'rs
Are each a bright capacious ſun, like ours.
The Teleſcopic tube will ſtill deſcry
Myriads behind, that 'ſcape the naked eye;
And farther on, a new diſcovery trace,
Thro' the deep circle of uncompaſs'd ſpace,
How thick (diſcernable to aided ſight)
Their conſtellations croud the milky height,
Whoſe ſpheres elude the reach of naked eyes,
And ſeem with light to belt the whiten'd ſkies.
If each bright ſtar ſo many ſuns are found,
With planetary ſyſtems circled round,
What vaſt infinitude of worlds may grace,
What beings people the ſtupendous ſpace?
Whatever race poſſeſs th' etherial plain,
What orbs they people, or what ranks maintain,
Tho' the deep ſecret Heav'n conceal below,
One truth, of univerſal ſcope, we know;
Our nobler part, the ſame etherial mind,
Relates our earth to all their reaſoning kind.
One Deity, one ſole creating cauſe,
Our active cares and joint devotion draws.
Thee! firſt, from everlaſting they proclaim,
Juſt, wiſe, almighty, pure,—thy awful name!
Then all thy milder glories they diffuſe,
The dazzling titles thou delight'ſt to uſe,
Thy attributes of mercy, goodneſs, grace,
Mild father, kind preſerver of their race.

A name thy dear affections well approve,
Whoſe nature, indefectible, is love.
Meet me, bleſt thought! in my retired hour,
When my bent knees confeſs this wondrous pow'r;
When, with rais'd eyes, I view thoſe orbs above,
Engag'd in the ſame grateful work of love;
Let the grand ſcene my ſolemn thought prepare,
And my ſoul join a univerſal prayer.
ASTRONOMY!—hail, ſcience heavenly born!
Thy ſchemes the life aſſiſt, the mind adorn.
Thy aids the heaven's ſeal'd volumes wide impart;
And taught the ſeaman firſt his uſeful art;
Gave changing ſeaſons their determin'd ſpace,
And fix'd to hours and years their meaſur'd race.
May ſome new genius, bleſt with *Newton*'s ſkill,
Th' expecting age with freſh diſcoveries fill,
And, opening themes for philoſophic lays,
Give ſubject for his Maker's endleſs praiſe.

To the Rev. Mr MOSES BROWNE.

By Mr J. DUICK.

O THOU! by genius and by birth ally'd,
O more eſteem'd than all mankind beſide!
Accept the lay the muſe officious brings,
And pleas'd attend, becauſe thy *Sylvius* ſings.

Heedleſs of method, ignorant of art,
My lines the fulneſs of my ſoul impart:
Which joys, thy life when happy moments bleſs;
And feels the ſtroke, whene'er you know diſtreſs.
Oft for ſome good, ſome kind, tho' ſecret end,
The hand of Providence has touch'd my friend;
Perhaps thy ſtrength of faith, or zeal to try,
Or a new proof of patience to ſupply;
Where virtue whelm'd in floods of woe appears,
Yet words not ſpeak the grief, nor looks the fears;
But all unruffled in the ſtorm is ſeen,
With calm affiance, and a placid mien.
But late the winds were loud, the waves ran high,
And a dark cloudy ſcreen obſcur'd the ſky;
Much for thy weal our anxious boſoms fear'd,
Yet how compos'd thy ſteady mind appear'd!
Sure, when to us the ſcene all gloomy ſeems,
Some ray celeſtial on thy ſpirit beams!
Thine eye diſcerns ſome ſtrength'ning angel's form,
Whoſe lore inſtructs thee to enjoy the ſtorm.
Teach, heav'nly bard, and teach in heav'nly ſtrains,
What ſtrong ſupport the feeble ſoul ſuſtains,
In its frail tenement of clay inclos'd,
To inward pains and outward force expos'd.
Derive from Heav'n divine aſſiſtance down,
And with thy Saviour's love thy triumph crown:
Reſume the theme you lately touch'd ſo well,
Again thy charming notes with rapture ſwell;

Our troubled ſouls require thy ſkilful hand,
Our paſſions ſink to peace at thy command:
Like *Saul* reliev'd from his delirious fire,
By the ſweet notes of youthful *David*'s lyre.
What cannot verſe like thine?—beyond the pole,
Above the concave ſky, it lifts the ſoul;
Unfolds celeſtial ſcenes to mortal eyes,
We gaze, and every earthly pleaſure dies.

The GOODNESS of GOD.

By Mr SAMUEL BOYSE.

* *

Mr *Boyſe* was the ſon of a diſſenting clergyman in *Ireland*, equally eminent for the primitive ſimplicity of his manners, and the uniform piety of his life. Young *Boyſe*, after receiving the rudiments of education at *Dublin*, was ſent by this indulgent parent, who probably intended him for the miniſtry, to the univerſity of *Glaſgow*. His natural indolence and diſſipation, however, ſoon rendered theſe views abortive; an unhappy marriage, joined to a variety of as unhappy circumſtances, reduced both himſelf and his parent to the verge of poverty; inſomuch, that the good man was forced to ſell an eſtate in *Yorkſhire*, to diſcharge his ſon's debts.

We find him, in 1731, at *Edinburgh*, where he publiſhed an elegant collection of poems, (the uſual reſource of indigent genius); and, though favoured with a pretty numerous ſubſcription, he ſoon diſſipated every farthing which Friendſhip and Charity had beſtowed.

In his latter days, his ſobriety ſeemed to encreaſe with his

infirmities; he was engaged for the moſt part in more honourable and in more virtuous undertakings.—About that time he publiſhed his DEITY, a poem, which has furniſhed us with the following extract. This performance he had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing commended by two eminent writers. Mr *Fielding*, well known to the *polite* world, calls it an excellent poem; and Mr *Hervey*, well known to the *religious* world, ſays, "* It is a noble piece, quite poetical, truly evangeli- "cal, admirably fitted to delight and comfort the heart, to "alarm, and improve the reader."———This benevolent gentleman, who was in truth the friend of mankind, and of merit, touched with the ſtory of Mr *Boyſe*'s misfortunes, and pleaſed with the deſign of that little piece, depoſited two guineas with a friend, to give him as his neceſſity required. Of this favour our author expreſſed his grateful ſenſe in a letter, which we have here ſubjoined †.

From this may be eaſily deduced his real character, and from it may be ſeen that he was neither in his laſt moments

* Poſthumous Letters, Vol. I. p. 191. Lett. 38.

† "*Reverend and dear Sir*,

"For your tender admonitions and excellent advice, I am "truly indebted to you; as they diſcover a generous and "compaſſionate concern for my better part.—I bleſs God I "have reaſon to hope, that great work is not to do; for of "all the marks of infatuation I know amongſt men, there "can be none equal to that of truſting to a death-bed re- "pentance.

"I do not pretend to vindicate my own conduct;—nor can "I ever forget the very Chriſtian ſenſe of my condition and "misfortunes, which (notwithſtanding all my miſbehaviour) "you have ſo pathetically expreſſed.—The follies of my youth "have furniſhed a plentiful harveſt of reflection for my lat- "ter years. As I have been now for a long time in a manner "buried from the world, ſo it has been my endeavour to ſpend "that time in lamenting my paſt errors, and in purſuing a "courſe of life void of offence towards God and man.

void of real religion, nor an elegant taſte; for few men owed more to genius, few leſs to application, than Mr *Boyſe*. Happy it would have been, had he ſooner eſpouſed theſe ſentiments and principles he formerly treated with much indifference.—Late repentance is ſeldom genuine.—The expreſſions however in the letter muſt lead us to conclude, that he looked for mercy where it could not be denied, and that his hope was anchored in the harbour of aſſurance.

After the paſſage from the DEITY, we have added, by the ſame Author, The third Chapter of JOB tranſlated, and ſome Verſes on the death of a friend; which will juſtify the character juſt now given of him.

" I have learnt to truſt in God as my only portion, to bleſs " him for his fatherly corrections, which have been much " gentler than my demerit; and by which I have been taught " to know him and myſelf; his infinite mercy and goodneſs; " my own ingratitude and unworthineſs; ſo that I may truly " ſay with the returning Prodigal, " Father, I have ſinned " againſt Heaven, and againſt Thee, and am not worthy to " be called thy ſon."

" My health is in a very precarious ſtate; and the greateſt " hopes of recovery I have, (which are very ſmall), ariſe from " warm weather, and the country air.—I thank God I am " abſolutely reſigned to his holy and bleſſed will. I have ſeen " enough of the vanity and folly of earthly things, and how " inſufficient they are to ſatisfy the deſires of an immortal " ſoul. I am ſenſible of my own wretchedneſs and nothing- " neſs, and that my only hope of ſalvation is through that " bleſſed Redeemer, who died to ſave loſt ſinners.—This is my " rock of hope againſt an approaching eternity.

" May you long, Sir, taſte thoſe true and unfading pleaſures " which attend the practice of religion and virtue; and may " you, by your ſhining example, be a means of turning many " to righteouſneſs: This is the ſincere and ever grateful wiſh " of, *&c.*

" *S. Boyſe.*"

YE Seraphs who God's throne encircling ſtill,
With holy zeal your golden cenſers fill;
Ye flaming Miniſters, to diſtant lands
Who bear, obſequious, his divine commands;
Ye Cherubs, who compoſe the ſacred choir,
Attuning to your voice th' angelic lyre!
Or ye fair natives of the heavenly plain,
Who once were mortal—now a happy train,
Who ſpend in peaceful love your joyful hours,
In bliſsful meads and amaranthine bowers,
Oh lend one ſpark of your celeſtial fire!
Oh deign my glowing boſom to inſpire!
And aid the muſe's unexperienc'd wing,
While Goodneſs, theme divine, ſhe ſoars to ſing!
Tho' all thy attributes divinely fair,
Thy full perfection, glorious GOD! declare;
Yet if one beams ſuperior to the reſt,
Oh let thy goodneſs faireſt be confeſs'd!
As ſhines the moon amidſt her ſtarry train,
As breathes the roſe amongſt the flowery ſcene,
As the mild dove her ſilver plumes diſplays,
So ſheds thy mercy its diſtinguiſh'd rays.
This led, Creator mild, thy gracious hand
When formleſs chaos heard thy high command;
When pleas'd, thine eye thy matchleſs works review'd,
And goodneſs placid ſpoke that all was good!
Nor only does in Heav'n thy goodneſs ſhine,
Delighted Nature feels its warmth divine;

The vital ſun's illuminating beam,
The ſilver creſcent and the ſtarry gleam,
As day and night alternate they command,
Proclaim this truth to every diſtant land.
See ſmiling Nature, with thy treaſures fair,
Confeſs thy bounty and parental care;
Renew'd by thee, the faithful ſeaſons riſe,
And earth with plenty all her ſons ſupplies.
The generous lion, and the brindled boar,
As nightly thro' the foreſt-walks they roar,
From Thee, Almighty Maker, ſeek their prey,
Nor from thy hand unfed depart away:
To Thee, for meat the callow ravens cry,
Supported by thy all-preſerving eye:
From Thee, the feather'd natives of the plain,
Or thoſe who range the field, or plough the main,
Receive, with conſtant courſe, th' appointed food,
And taſte the cup of univerſal good;
Thy hand thou open'ſt, million'd myriads live;
Thou frown'ſt, they faint;—thou ſmil'ſt, and they revive!
On virtue's acre, as on rapine's ſtores,
See Heav'n impartial deal the fruitful ſhowers!
" Life's common bleſſings all her children ſhare,"
Tread the ſame earth, and breathe a general air!
Without diſtinction, boundleſs bleſſings fall,
And goodneſs, like the ſun, enlightens all!

Oh man, degenerate man! offend no more!
Go, learn of brutes thy Maker to adore!
Shall theſe, thro' every tribe, his bounty own,
Of all his works, ungrateful thou alone!
Deaf when the tuneful voice of mercy cries,
And blind when ſov'reign goodneſs charms the eyes!
Mark, ev'n the wretch his awful name blaſphemes,
His pity ſpares,—his clemency reclaims!
Obſerve his patience with the guilty ſtrive,
And bid the criminal repent, and live;
Recall the fugitive with gracious eye,
Beſeech the obſtinate, he would not die!
Amazing tenderneſs—amazing moſt,
The ſoul on whom ſuch mercy ſhould be loſt!
But would'ſt thou view the rays of goodneſs join
In one ſtrong point of radiance all divine!
Behold, celeſtial muſe! yon eaſtern light!
To *Beth'lem*'s plain, adoring, bend thy ſight!
Hear the glad meſſage to the ſhepherds given,
" Good-will on earth to man, and peace in Heav'n."
Attend the ſwains, purſue the ſtarry road,
And hail to earth, the SAVIOUR and the GOD!
Redemption! oh thou beauteous myſtic plan!
Thou ſalutary ſource of life to man!
What tongue can ſpeak thy comprehenſive grace!
What thought thy depths unfathomable trace!
When loſt in ſin our ruin'd nature lay,
When awful juſtice claim'd her righteous prey!

See the mild Saviour bend his pitying eye,
And ſtop the lightning juſt prepar'd to fly!
(O ſtrange effect of unexampled love!)
View him deſcend the heavenly throne above;
Patient, the ills of mortal life endure,
Calm, tho' revil'd, and innocent, tho' poor!
Uncertain his abode, and coarſe his food,
His life one fair continued ſcene of good:
For us ſuſtain the wrath to man decreed,
The victim of eternal juſtice bleed!
Look, to the croſs the Lord of life is tied,
They pierce his hands, and wound his ſacred ſide!
See, GOD expires! our forfeit to atone,
While Nature trembles at his parting groan!
Advance, thou hopeleſs mortal, ſteel'd in guilt,
Behold, and, if thou can'ſt, forbear to melt!
Shall JESUS die, thy freedom to regain,
And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain?
Wilt thou refuſe thy kind aſſent to give,
When breathleſs he looks down to bid thee live!
Perverſe, wilt thou reject the proffer'd good
Bought with his life, and ſtreaming in his blood!
Whoſe virtue can the deepeſt crimes efface,
Reheal thy nature, and confirm thy peace!
Can all the errors of thy life atone,
And raiſe thee from a rebel—to a ſon!
O bleſt REDEEMER, from thy ſacred throne,
Where ſaints and angels ſing thy triumphs won!

When, from the grave thou rais'd thy glorious head,
(Chain'd to thy car the powers infernal led)
From that exalted height of bliſs ſupreme,
Look down on thoſe who bear thy ſacred name;
Reſtore their ways, inſpire them by thy grace
Thy laws to follow, and thy ſteps to trace;
Thy bright example to thy doctrine join,
And, by their morals, prove their faith divine.
Nor only to thy church confine thy ray,
O'er the glad world thy healing light diſplay;
Fair ſun of Righteouſneſs! in beauty riſe,
And clear the miſts that cloud the heathen ſkies!
To *Judah*'s remnant, now a ſcatter'd train,
Thou great MESSIAH! ſhow thy promis'd reign;
O'er earth as wide, thy ſaving warmth diffuſe,
As ſpreads the ambient air, or falling dews;
And haſte the time, when, vanquiſh'd by thy power,
Death ſhall expire, and ſin defile no more!

The third Chapter of the Book of JOB, tranſlated.

THUS *Job* began, ——"Curſt be the fatal morn
In which diſtinguiſh'd wretchedneſs was born!
From the fair round of the revolving year
Periſh that day! nor let the night appear,

In which this ſpeck of entity began
To ſwell to miſery, and promiſe man!
Let darkneſs ſtain it o'er, no friendly ray
Pierce thro' the gloom of that affrighted day!
But ſhades of terror o'er its circuit ſpread,
And fold it in the mantle of the dead!
O'er that curſt night may double horrors dwell,
Such as enwrap the puniſhments of hell!
No chearful ſounds its ſolitude awake,
But ſuch as fiends and tortur'd wretches make;
Such as may wound the ſoul, and ſhock the ear,
The groans of death, and howlings of deſpair!
May all its ſtars with rays diminiſh'd ſhow,
And thro' the duſky air obſcurely glow!
No glimpſe of hope the dreadful ſcene adorn,
Nor let it ſee the promiſe of a morn!——
Becauſe it ſhut not up my mother's womb,
And join'd at once my cradle and my tomb:
Why dy'd I not? why did preventive Care
My deſtin'd life for future ſorrows ſpare?
Then had I found that eaſe I ſeek in vain,
Nor know this load of unexampled pain!
O Grave! thou refuge of the ſoul diſtreſt!
When ſhall I ſink into thy downy reſt?
There kings and mighty ones neglected rot,
In their own mould'ring monuments forgot:
(Tho' once of grandeur and of pow'r poſſeſt,
And all the treaſures of the ſhining eaſt)

There men no longer vain diſtinctions boaſt,
In common duſt the prince and ſlave are loſt:
Low lyes th' oppreſſor bound in laſting chains,
There of his rod the wretch no more complains!
There ceaſe the wailings of the heart diſtreſt,
And there the weary find eternal reſt!

Why ſpareſt thou, O LORD! a life like mine?
While with inceſſant pray'rs for death I pine:
Why is that bleſſing giv'n to wealth and pride?
But to the wretch, diſtreſs'd like me, deny'd.
While o'er my head thy awful terrors brood,
Beſet my path, and mingle with my food,
In vain my cries and groans continual riſe,
In vain my tears I pour, and waſte my ſighs:
While all my fears upon my ſoul are come,
By Thee forſaken, hopeleſs and undone!"

VERSES occaſioned by the death of Mr M——— S———.

" ———*Who would not be that youth?*
" *How beautiful is death when earn'd by virtue!*"

ADDISON'S CATO.

WHILE thy torn heart with varied woe is preſt,
And all the *friend* lies bleeding in thy breaſt;

Forgive the Muſe who would our loſs deplore,
And mourn with thee—that MARCUS is no more!
The cruel tyrant, whoſe reſiſtleſs rage
Alike employs itſelf on youth and age,
Smiles at our tears—and as our grief runs high,
Points MARCUS out, and bids us learn to die!
Shows all the op'ning virtues of the youth,
His native goodneſs, modeſty and truth:
What early worth juſt blaſted in its bloom!
How many graces ſhrowded in the tomb!
See CALEDONIA weeping o'er the urn!
As if ſhe ſeem'd her fav'rite ſon to mourn;
Oft for her ſake he read the ſtoried page,
And trac'd the mazes of remoteſt age;
Early aſſerter of her glorious cauſe,
Fond of her freedom, zealous for her laws:
Great *Liberty* inſpir'd his honeſt breaſt,
And his dear country all his ſoul poſſeſt:
In youth a patriot—ſteady to the right,
In manners humane, and in arts polite.
His heart all-generous, candid and ſerene,
Sweet as his look, engaging as his mien:
To friendſhip faithful, to misfortune kind,
His life a lovely copy of his mind.
So near perfection in his early day,
Why ſhould we weep to ſee him ſnatch'd away?
To ſee him reach at once th' immortal prize,
And riſe triumphant to his native ſkies.

Behold th' exalted youth with ſmiles ſurvey
The fond miſtaken debt of grief we pay!
Behold him, ſeated on the bliſsful ſhore,
Hear from afar the noiſy tempeſt roar!
Safe from the taint of a corrupted age,
From vitious manners, and from party-rage.
No paſſions there, his purer boſom move;
But harmony divine, and peace and love;
Such as on earth were wont to ſoothe his breaſt,
The pleaſing foretaſte of his heav'nly reſt.
See him point out the path he left in view,
And bid his friends the noble race purſue!
Diſplay the fair example to their eyes;
And bid them live like him—like him to riſe!
So the bright all-enlivening orb of light,
When he withdraws himſelf from mortal ſight,
With fairer glories ſhines in milder ſkies,
And ſets to us, for better worlds to riſe!
Thou dear departed friend! if, greatly bleſt,
One meaner thought can touch thy peaceful breaſt;
Look on a heart, by paſſions rent like mine,
That weeping waits to mingle joys with thine!
Fir'd by thy flight—that ſtruggles to be free,
And join ſociety with Heav'n and thee.

PARAPHRASE on the three firſt Verſes of the third Chapter of St *Paul's* Epiſtle to the ROMANS.

By Mr —— B——

Wrote, *December* 1752.

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THE Editors are well aware, that even the appearance of any thing ſerious has a very unſeemly aſpect in the eye of the world, ſunk in pleaſure, and abſorbed in diſſipation.—— But knowing that this can never be the caſe with the *ſenſible* part of mankind (to whom alone this collection is inſcribed), and being fully perſuaded that religion is neither inconſiſtent with true politeneſs, nor elegant poetry, they have inſerted ſome pieces, many of them originals, of ſacred poeſy, whoſe tendency is equally to pleaſe, while they inſtruct, and in the ſtricteſt ſenſe to mix the —" *utile dulci.*"

The ten ſubſequent performances are the productions of the ſame pen.

I

ONCE trembling in my ſins I ſtood,
Before the awful bar,
Dreading the vengeance of my GOD,
And no deliverer near.

II.

Each worldly comfort then was gone,
Even Angels could not aid;
But the dear Saviour JESUS came,
And ſhew'd the ranſom paid.

III.

Father, he cries, for him I dy'd,
Behold my bleeding wounds;
Juſt is the plea, the Judge replied,
And he hath pardon found.

IV.

By *faith* I take the offer'd grace,
And graſp the falling word;
The blood of Chriſt hath bought my peace,
And I am pardon'd, LORD.

V.

My heart, which to all *ſolid* peace
Had long a ſtranger been,
Now, by the ſmilings of his face,
Is chearful and ſerene.

VI.

And when ſublimer glories ſtill,
From Heav'nly manſions ſhine,
Hope ſtreight aſcends the ſacred hill,
And calls theſe glories mine.

VII.

Mine is whate'er on earth is known,
The mercy and the rod,
The Heav'nly *Canaan*'s all mine own,
And mine is *Canaan*'s GOD.

HYMN,

Founded upon ISAIAH xxxiii. 17.

Deſigned to be ſung after Sermon, on that text, upon a ſacramental occaſion.

I.

THIS day the promiſe is fulfill'd
To antient ages given;
JESUS the king our eyes beheld,
And ſaw a diſtant Heaven.

II.

But how ſurpaſſing human thought,
His glories and his grace!
The wonders which his love hath wrought,
And beauties of his face!

III.

Long ſince, ere flying Time began,
Or riſing worlds appear'd,
Celeſtial manſions knew his name,
Him all their hoſts ador'd.

IV.

On his eternal Father's breaſt,
Firſt object of his love,
He lay, his only Son confeſt,
One with the Heavenly Dove.

V.

Each ſparkling attribute combines
To form the crown he wears;
Bright in his face, the Godhead ſhines,
The Father all appears.

VI.

Almighty power, in graceful form,
Sits on his ſacred brow,
Wiſdom and Truth his lips adorn,
And mercies round him flow.

VII.

For in the rebel ſons of earth
They flow in peaceful ſtreams,
While ſinning Angels feel his wrath,
In adamantine chains.

VIII.

Thus when no offering could atone,
No ſacrifice appeaſe,
He ſtept before the fiery throne,
And interpos'd his grace.

IX.

" Mine be the taſk", in love he cry'd,
" To ſave the ſons of men;
" Tho' great, the debt ſhall all be paid,
" My blood will ranſom them."

X.

Streight on the nimble wings of love
He flies thro' lower ſkies;
Cloath'd Godhead in a veil of fleſh,
And in that nature dies.

XI.

The righteous Father from his throne
Conſeſt the ranſom paid;
" Juſtice is pleas'd, ſtern wrath is gone,
" And all my law obey'd.

XII.

" Whoe'er of *Adam*'s guilty race
" Truſts in mine only Son,
" May call the riches of my grace
" And glories all his own."

XIII.

Such views the eye of faith preſents,
Now to my raviſh'd ſoul,
When at thy table, 'midſt thy ſaints,
I taſte the myſtic bowl.

XIV.

Had I the Cherub's glowing heart,
And Seraph's flaming tongue,
I'd wake my race to bear their part,
In gratitude and ſong.

ISAIAH Chapter LIV. I—II. verſified.

I.

YE who did weep the barren womb,
And who no children had,
Dry up theſe cauſeleſs tears, and come,
Rejoice, and make thee glad.

II.

For lo! Almighty GOD proclaims
Thy race now more to be,
Than thoſe who bleſt in marriage chains,
A happy offspring ſee.

III.

Spread o'er remoteſt lands thy tent,
And make thy dwelling large:
JEHOVAH craves a vaſt extent
For his ariſing charge.

IV.

For to the eaſt and weſtern main
Thy troops ſhall make their way;
To them waſte cities riſe again,
And kingdoms homage pay.

V.

Why then that conſcious bluſh, and fears?
Why that confuſion ſtill?
No more thy youthful ſhame appears,
Nor widow's heavier ill.

VI.

Behold thy Maker condeſcends
Thy huſband now to be;
And *Iſrael*'s holy One, thy friend,
Redeems and reſcues thee.

VII.

This is the Lord whom hoſts obey,
In Heav'n and earth that are,
Who rules all Nature by his ſway,
And ſaves it by his care.

VIII.

Thus to thee ſpeaks the God of love,
" I heard thy humble moan,
As when a tender wife bewails
Her faithleſs partner gone.

IX.

Have I withdrawn my quick'ning ſmiles,
And left thy ſoul to mourn?
Short is the hour when mercy ſhall
In joyful ſtreams return.

X.

Sin for a moment made me frown;
Thou weep'ſt, the frown is o'er;
And thy redeeming GOD ſhall come
In love that frowns no more.

XI.

This, as the ſacred oath he made
To *Noah*, firm ſhall be:
For that in wrath he will not chide,
JEHOVAH ſwears to thee.

XII.

The laſting hills may leave their place,
And ſhaken mountains fall,
But my unalter'd love and grace
Thee bleſs forever ſhall."

PHARAOH'S DREAM.

ON *Nile*'s fair banks doth riſe a woody grove,
Sacred to *Iſis* and *Oſiris*'s love;
Here annual rites, aſſembled chiefs prepare,
And for great *Egypt* plead in fervent pray'r.
The rites perform'd, ſtraight to a myſtic dome
The king retires, all ſilent, and alone;
There to receive, in bright prophetic dream,
Heav'n's high commands, and learn what fates ordain.
With ſofteſt down the royal couch was made,
And all *Arabia* breath'd around his head.
Invited thus, the nightly ſlumbers ſtole
On every ſenſe, and overpower the ſoul:
But unpropitious Heav'n forbad repoſe,
And fancy labours with ten thouſand woes:
Now gloomy Darkneſs all her horrors ſpread,
Now on the pointed rock he thinks him laid;
Borne by the tempeſt, now he ſeems to fly,
Or underneath ſome heavy load to lie.
At laſt great *Iſis* came, in ſable weed,
And to the river's fertile banks him led;
" Attentive view," with eager look ſhe cries,
" The fate of *Egypt* ſtands before thy eyes!"

When lo! ſeven bullocks, luſty, fair, and young,
Such as in *Memphian* fields were never known,
With joy approach, and bow the head,
Then graze, and wanton o'er the flowery mead.
The King all-charm'd, ſurveys the beauteous herd,
'Till from afar a diſmal lowing heard
Summons his eye: lo! other ſeven appear,
Whoſe looks the marks of keeneſt famine wear:
With eager haſte into the mead they pour,
And all the luſty herd at once devour;
Nor ſeem'd they fatter by this ſtrange repaſt,
But all along the fertile meadows waſte.
The monarch, ſtarting from his dream, awoke,
Juſt as the morn thro' eaſtern ſkies had broke;
With eager haſte the waiting chiefs convene,
And hear in dread ſurpriſe the myſtic dream;
To whom the King, "May Heav'nly powers defend,
From the impending ills my dreams portend;
Awful they were, but now no more are known,
And, but the dire impreſſion, all is gone.
Call each diviner, every magi come,
Unfold the ſecret, or receive your doom;
For if a God aſſiſts them to explain,
He can with equal eaſe reveal the dream."

* *

To an old Gentleman, (whoſe life had been remarkably vitious), on occaſion of his Birthday, 6th *July* 1744.

" *O mihi præteritos referat ſi Jupiter annos!*" HOR.

" *Would Heav'n this once regard my tears,*
" *And grant me back my former years,*
" *Mortals ſhould ſee me wiſely ſhun*
" *The paths of vice, in which I've run.*"

CONSIDER, friend, ſedately view
So many luſtrums ſpent by you;
And think in your declining day,
How ſwift theſe years have ſtole away;
That you a ſtrict account muſt give
For every moment you do live:
When all your ſins ſhall on you ſtare,
And plunge your ſoul in deep deſpair.
Think on the laſt tremendous day,
What to the ſov'reign Judge you'll ſay;
O think, ere yet it be too late
How to avoid impending fate:
And let the time that is to run
In pious tears your guilt atone;
That when grim Death ſhall ſtrike his dart,
He ſtrike a broke, repenting heart.

On the Death of Mr. J—— H——

Addreſſed to the Rev. Mr E——.

I.

How vain the promis'd joys of time,
And all the bliſs which earth beſtows!
Vain man forecaſts ſome great deſign,
And GOD his counſel overthrows.

II.

With ſuch projecting thoughts, my friend,
We ſaw the gentle youth ariſe,
By Grace and Nature both deſign'd
To move affection and ſurpriſe.

III.

The charming frame of mortal clay
Beſpoke a noble ſoul within,
A ſoul divinely bright as day,
And as the ſilent night ſerene.

IV.

Here Nature all the lovely forms
Of Innocence and Goodneſs join'd,
While Heav'nly grace his ſoul adorns
With virtues of ſuperior kind.

V.

Faith and her ſiſter Charity,
With Hope and fervent Love conſpire,
To raiſe his zeal divinely high,
Yet join ſweet Meekneſs with his fire.

VI.

Oh how his holy ſoul ador'd
The very thought of JESUS' name!
His every action ſpoke him Lord,
And every word proclaim'd his fame.

VII.

Full oft his heart, devoutly fir'd
With love to all our wretched race,
Impatiently the time deſired,
Of making offers of his grace.

VIII.

Amidſt the agonies of death,
Even in that gloomy hour, my friend,
He cry'd with his departing breath,
Will none the Saviour recommend?

IX.

Alas! how ſhort on earth thy ſtay!
Yet how divinely ſweet thy race,
Expiring 'midſt a flood of day,
And all the joys of vigorous grace!

X.

What tho' ſome gloomy hours did paſs,
Before immortal bliſs was giv'n?
This only taught you where you was,
And gave a ſtronger taſte for Heav'n.

XI.

How dark, O ſov'reign Wiſdom, are
Thy counſels, and how deeply laid!
A ſoul ſo richly to prepare,
Then daſh the works which thou haſt made.

XII.

Help us in ſilence to admire
What now we cannot comprehend:
Ere long we'll join the Heav'nly choir,
And learn from our departed friend.

XIII.

Until that happy day ſhall riſe,
Oft let his gentle ſp'rit deſcend,
Or to improve our holy joys,
Or elſe ſome ſecret aid to lend.

XIV.

Thus while a veil of fleſh remains,
Each ſhall improve another's bliſs,
Till earth and time no more detains,
But we arrive where JESUS is.

To BELINDA,

With a Copy of POPE and MITCHELL's Works.

'TWAS Heav'n, fair nymph, who taught the bard,
In melting numbers firſt to ſing,
Not hopes of any mean reward,
The ſmiles of princes, or a king.
The muſe to nobler themes aſpir'd,
Themes equal to her high deſcent,
The wiſdom of her God admir'd,
Or of his works the vaſt extent.

Thus in the ſacred page you'll find,
GOD every Poet's heart to warm;
If *David*'s harp proclaims him kind,
Or *Moſes* ſing his powerful arm.
Such too the notes by *Orpheus* ſung,
Which melted rocks, and mov'd the woods,
Whilſt the dull herds with wonder ſtung,
Flock'd round, and rivers ſtopp'd their floods.
Surpriſing powers of harmony,
To ſoften the moſt ſtubborn ſoul,
To ſet the captive ſpirit free,
And every vicious thought controul!
Sure then eternal vengeance waits
The impious hand who firſt profan'd
And durſt theſe ſacred numbers treat,
As if for vice alone deſign'd.
In POPE you'll find ſuch Heav'nly ſtrokes,
In him you'll view the ancient plan,
When he the ſov'reign Lord * invokes,
Or draws the portraiture of † man.
When MITCHELL paints the raging ſea,
Calm'd as the rebel ‡ Prophet fell,
Our ſouls revere the Deity,
Whoſe word can ſhut and open hell.
Were but their other works akin,
How juſtly they'd deſerve our praiſe!
But oft they varniſh o' r a ſin,
A wanton patron's taſte to pleaſe.

* Univerſal Prayer. † Eſſay on Man. ‡ *Jonah.*

Let then BELINDA wiſely chuſe
The part that's juſtly ſtiled divine,
And ev'ry thought and word refuſe
That tends to recommend a crime.

On MYRTILLA's being ſtruck down by a Golf-ball on *Burntsfield*'s Links, near *Edinburgh*.

I.

STRUCK by the favours of thy hand,
Almighty GOD, amaz'd we ſtand,
And own preſerving power.
With joy our grateful hearts o'erflow,
A joy we never thought to know,
Once in this awful hour.

II.

The cautious lark foreſees the ſtorm,
Nay duller herds will take alarm,
And to their covert run;
But man, to future events blind,
Feels no forebodings in his mind,
To teach, his fate to ſhun.

III.

Late as we left the flow'ry mead,
Sure every thought but pleaſure fled,

And harmleſs mirth went round:
The charming fair MYRTILLA ſung,
And thoughtleſs made us ſtay too long,
On *Burntsfield*'s ſportive ground.

IV.

When quick from yonder well-known hole,
That kindles all the player's ſoul,
And does the victor crown,
A curs'd, or erring hand, lets fly
A ball which paſs'd *Belinda* by,
But ſtruck MYRTILLA down.

V.

Amaz'd we ſee the lovely maid
All on the graſſy bank is laid,
Her blooming luſtre gone:
Theſe lips which rapture could impart
To the moſt cold and ſtoic heart,
A deadly paleneſs own.

VI.

Theſe limbs which once more joy could give
Than any of the ſex alive,
Now tremble half expos'd:
That breaſt which lodg'd the kindeſt heart,
Now pants with the unuſual ſmart;
Her ſparkling eyes are clos'd.

VII.

Silent the grief-ſtunn'd mother ſtood;
Her tender ſiſter ſhriek'd aloud,
" Oh! is MYRTILLA gone!

" O ſov'reign Ruler of the ſkies,
" Who only now can hear my cries,
" Forbid the ſpeedy doom!"

VIII.

Wing'd by Devotion, Faith and Love,
Soon it reach'd the realms above,
And JESUS grants it ſoon:
Streight from the throne of life on high
A winged Seraph's bid to fly,
And ſtop the virgin's doom.

IX.

Quick on a weſtern ſun-beam he
'Midſt fanning zephyrs cuts his way,
And ſtays her parting mind.
Youth, love and beauty ſoon return;
Her cheeks with morning bluſhes burn;
Her lips their ſcarlet find.

X.

Sure now ſhe ſtands confeſs'd thy friend,
Sav'd from the ball by fate deſign'd
To cut her virgin days:
For her, ſuperior pow'r was nigh,
The fair MYRTILLA muſt not die,
But live to ſing thy praiſe.

XI.

When youthful *David*, with a ſtone,
Could bring the tow'ring giant down,
Whence can her ſafety ſpring?
Not from a chance as weak, as blind,
But from the ſame all-ruling mind
That pois'd th' unerring ſling.

XII.

Not death with all its train can harm
The ſoul encircled by thine arm,
Whoſe ſafety's from above:
Under a ſenſe of this thy care,
The bliſs, we with MYRTILLA ſhare,
And with her ſing thy love.

To MYRTILLA, on her ſetting at Liberty ſome Birds taken in a Gin.

FULL twenty beauties of the feather'd tribe,
Caught in deceitful gins, were captives led:
Faſt pants their tender hearts, nor hope they find;
For laſting ſlav'ry, or for death deſign'd.
" Farewell," they ſeem to chirp, " Ye groves adieu;
No more our harmleſs notes we chaunt in you:
Adieu, ye verdant boughs; dear mates farewell;
Our voices can't the grief of parting tell.
O why do mankind glory in our pain!
Or what's the joy they from our moans can gain?
Has Nature barr'd them from all other food,
That they thus ſeize the natives of the wood?
Or don't they know, that life to us is giv'n,
Juſt as to them, by the great Lord of Heav'n?
We then, his creatures too, may claim that care,
For which our ſongs each morning tune the air,

And truſt that GOD will vindicate the cauſe
Of innocence, and Nature's broken laws."
Thus moan'd the captives, and MYRTILLA hears;
A generous pain her gentle boſom tears;
She ſtopt the wretch that led theſe charmers on,
Aſk'd his demand, and freely paid the ſum.
Their tender limbs untied with pious care,
She then reſtores her pris'ners to the air.
Now might we ſee what joys from freedom ſpring;
They mount aloft, and as they mount they ſing;
Yet mindful ſtill from whence their freedom came,
They make the woods reſound MYRTILLA's name.
Methinks, fair nymph, ſuch actions fully prove
That STREPHON ſhall be happy in your love:
For ſure the heart that mov'd to looſe theſe chains,
Will ne'er endure to view his dying pains.

* *

To the BELLE ASSEMBLE.

WHILE other bards invoke a fabulous muſe,
Fair nymphs, your gracious aid alone I chuſe
If ye propitious but vouchſafe to praiſe,
More than *Parnaſſian* fire inſpires my lays.
How noble is the pleaſure to be wiſe,
And 'bove the rank of common mortals riſe;
T' improve the judgment, and correct the wit,
And make the ſoul for generous actions fit.

But ſure 'tis truly godlike to aſpire,
To the ſweet labours of the heav'nly choir;
To view the moral beauties of the mind,
Contemplate virtue in its every kind;
To ſtudy Nature with improving care,
And trace the footſteps of the Godhead there;
While adoration ſprings from every part,
And true devotion warms the grateful heart.
Such are your labours, ſuch the generous ſtrife,
Who beſt may uſe the paſſing ſcene of life;
Diſdaining to allow ſuch faults, to find
A place, even in the ſuburbs of your mind,
Which are too juſtly charg'd on Womankind.
Would but your ſex employ ſuch arts as theſe,
And by ſubſtantial goodneſs ſeek to pleaſe,
Virtue thus recommended, ſoon would gain
A total conqueſt o'er us ſons of men.

SACHARISSA and CHLOE compared;

OR

VIRTUE preferable to BEAUTY.

GAY CHLOE's charms attract the eye,
And hurry on the ſoul to love;
Scarce is ſhe ſeen when ſtreight we die,
Or 'midſt a thouſand fancies rove.

But SACHARISSA's comely form,
Join'd with the beſt accompliſh'd mind,
By gentle ſteps our hearts doth warm,
And ſoftly forces to be kind.
CHLOE, as *Phoebus* in his noon,
Shines with a ray ſeverely bright:
For if we gaze we are undone,
Nor mortal can endure the ſight.
But as the party-colour'd bow,
Which riſing beauties ſtill improve,
Fair SACHARISSA's virtues ſhow,
The more we gaze, the more we love.
Deſtructive time will ſoon deface
Theſe features which are CHLOE's boaſt;
But SACHARISSA's wit and grace
Can by no force of time be loſt.
Tho' years may change, and time decay,
" The Sun himſelf grow dim with age,"
But SACHARISSA, ever gay,
Triumphs above their feeble rage.
For when this mortal frame ſhall fail,
Her heav'nly ſoul will upwards move;
Then too I'll bid this earth farewell,
And in Elyſium meet my love.
There, 'midſt life's fair and blooming ſhade,
Our virtuous flame we'll oft repeat,
Or o'er a cloudy ſopha laid,
Review this earth, our anicent ſeat.

In each new ſcene, as oft below,
We'll view the great Creator's ſkill,
While heav'nly trumpets round us blow,
And all the place with praiſes fill.

* *

To the MEMORY
OF
The Reverend Mr J—— B——.

By WILLIAM STEVENSON, M. D.

Magnum ſui deſiderium moriens reliquit. HOR.

BY all the wiſe admir'd, the good eſteem'd,
For what he really was, not barely ſeem'd;
Form'd upon virtue's amiable plan,
An honeſt, upright, candid, worthy man;
Whoſe conduct not ev'n ſlander e'er purſu'd,
Which ſtill the brighter ſhone, the nearer view'd;
Tho' plac'd in public life, where, to eſpy
Each word, each act, is center'd ev'ry eye;
Where trivial ſlips and blemiſhes ariſe
To groſſeſt faults in the ſtern cenſor's eyes:
Thus B—— liv'd; and to life's period brought,
Died, as an humble, modeſt Chriſtian ought.
O reader, now howe'er your views aſpire,
May you with equal dignity retire.

O D E

By Mr GRAY.

I.

Lo! where the roſy-boſom'd hours,
Fair VENUS' train appear,
Diſcloſe the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The ATTIC warbler pours her throat
Reſponſive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of ſpring:
While, whiſp'ring pleaſure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs thro' the clear blue ſky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

II.

Where-e'er the oak's thick branches ſtretch
A broader browner ſhade;
Where-e'er the rude and moſs-green beech
O'er-canopies the glade;
Beſide ſome water's ruſhy brink
With me the Muſe ſhall ſit and think
(At eaſe reclin'd in ruſtic ſtate)
How vain the ardour of the croud,
How low, how indigent the proud,
How little are the great.

III.

Still is the toiling hand of care:
The panting herds repoſe:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The buſy murmur glows!
The inſect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taſte the honied ſpring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current ſkim,
Some ſhew their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the ſun.

IV.

To Contemplation's ſober eye
Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the buſy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In fortune's varying colours dreſs'd:
Bruſh'd by the hand of rough miſchance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in duſt to reſt.

V.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The ſportive kind reply:
Poor moraliſt! and what art thou?
A ſolitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive haſt thou of hoarded ſweets,

No painted plumage to diſplay:
On haſty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy ſun is ſet, thy ſpring is gone——
We frolic, while 'tis May.

SONNET on MAY MORNING.

By MILTON.

Now the bright morning ſtar, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the eaſt, and leads with her
The flow'ry MAY, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowſlip, and the pale primroſe.
Hail, bounteous MAY! that doſt inſpire
Mirth, and youth, and warm deſire;
Woods and groves are of thy dreſſing,
Hill and dale doth boaſt thy bleſſing.
Thus we ſalute thee with our early ſong,
And welcome thee, and wiſh thee long.

TRUTH, an ODE.

By Mr W. MASON.

SAY, will no white-rob'd ſon of light,
Swift-darting from his heav'nly height,

Here deign to take his hallow'd ſtand;
Here wave his amber locks; unfold
His pinions cloth'd with downy gold;
Here ſmiling ſtretch his tutelary wand?
And you, ye hoſt of ſaints, for ye have known
Each dreary path in Life's perplexing maze,
Tho' now ye circle yon eternal throne
With harpings high of inexpreſſive praiſe,
Will not your train deſcend in radiant ſtate,
To break with Mercy's beam this gathering cloud of Fate?

'Tis ſilence all. No ſon of light
Darts ſwiftly from his heav'nly height;
No train of radiant ſaints deſcend.
" Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,
" If guilt, if fraud has ſtain'd your mind,
" Or ſaint to hear, or angel to defend."
So TRUTH proclaims. I hear the ſacred ſound
Burſt from the centre of her burning throne:
Where aye ſhe ſits with ſtar-wreath'd luſtre crown'd:
A bright ſun claſps her adamantine zone.
So TRUTH proclaims: her awful voice I hear:
With many a ſolemn pauſe it ſlowly meets my ear.

" Attend ye ſons of men; attend, and ſay,
Does not enough of my refulgent ray

Break thro' the veil of your mortality!
Say, does not reaſon in this form deſcry
Unnumber'd, nameleſs glories, that ſurpaſs
The Angel's floating pomp, the Seraph's glowing grace?
Shall then your earth-born daughters vie
With me? Shall ſhe, whoſe brighteſt eye
But emulates the diamond's blaze,
Whoſe cheek but mocks the peach's bloom,
Whoſe breath the hyacinth's perfume,
Whoſe melting voice the warbling woodlark's lays,
Shall ſhe be deem'd my rival? Shall a form
Of elemental droſs, of mould'ring clay,
Vie with theſe charms imperial? The poor worm
Shall prove her conteſt vain. Life's little day
Shall paſs, and ſhe is gone: while I appear
Fluſh'd with the bloom of youth thro' Heav'n's eternal year.

Know, mortals, know, ere firſt ye ſprung,
Ere firſt theſe orbs in æther hung,
I ſhone amid the heav'nly throng.
Theſe eyes beheld creation's day,
This voice began the choral lay,
And taught Archangels their triumphant ſong.
Pleas'd I ſurvey'd bright Nature's gradual birth,
Saw infant Light with kindling luſtre ſpread,

Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth,
And Ocean heave on his extended bed;
Saw the tall pine aſpiring pierce the ſky,
The tawny lion ſtalk, the rapid eagle fly.

Laſt, man aroſe, erect in youthful grace,
Heav'n's hallow'd image ſtamp'd upon his face:
And, as he roſe, the high beheſt was giv'n,
"That I alone of all the hoſt of heav'n,
Should reign protectreſs of the godlike youth."
Thus the Almighty ſpake: he ſpake, and call'd me
TRUTH."

SONNET,

To the Earl of HOLDERNESSE,

By the ſame.

Prefixed to his Poems.

D'ARCY, to thee, whate'er of happier vein,
Smit with the love of ſong my youth eſſay'd,
This verſe devotes from ASTON's ſecret ſhade,
Where letter'd eaſe, thy gift, endears the ſcene,
Here as the light-wing'd moments glide ſerene:
I weave the bower, around the tufted mead
In careleſs flow the ſimple pathway lead,
And ſtrew with many a roſe the ſhaven green.

So, to deceive my ſolitary days,
With rural toils ingenuous arts I blend,
Secure from envy, negligent of praiſe,
Yet not unknown to fame, if D'ARCY lend
His wonted ſmile to dignify my lays,
The Muſe's patron, but the Poet's friend.

TRUTH,

An irregular ODE,

By the Honourable and Reverend Mr SHIRLEY, of *Loughrea*, in IRELAND.

I.

HENCE, gay deluſions fickle train;
Ye nimble ſhadows light and vain,
That wanton, glitt'ring in the eye of youth:
No more the airy dance I tread,
By flitting forms to ruin led;
Your baleful charms I fly, the votary of Truth.

II.

Hail, holy dame! of aſpect bright,
Sprung from th' eternal fount of light,
Whoſe viſage pours the ſtreaming day,
Where darkneſs, brooding darkneſs lay!

Before thy face the miſcreant fled;
And with her all her phantoms drear;
Pale Horror, of himſelf afraid,
And teeming Guilt, and fell Deſpair,
What time the Cherub Mercy from on high,
With thee in league conjoin'd, deſcended from the ſky.

III.

Fearful the dawn of hope bereft!
Ere Mercy beam'd with op'ning Grace:
For thou the blaſted earth had'ſt left;
Had'ſt left with man's accurſed race.
Thine injur'd cauſe,
By man betray'd;
Thy broken laws,
No more obey'd,
Drew from thy virgin eye the copious tear.
Then ghaſtly Vengeance ſtood,
And claim'd the forfeit blood;
And Juſtice urg'd the doom, a counſellor ſevere.

IV.

When Mercy, lo! of wondrous birth,
In Heav'n begot, tho' born on earth,
From the ſide iſſuing of a wounded lamb:
All rob'd in white, the meek-ey'd maid,
Prepar'd man's ruin'd cauſe to plead,
Prepar'd, with ranſom due, and ſweet perſuaſion came.

V.

Her blameleſs form held Juſtice mute;
Her proffer'd price the debt o'erpay'd;

Well-pleas'd th' Almighty heard the ſuit,
In purpling glory freſh array'd!
Then thou, O TRUTH, didſt yield thine hand,
In proof of amity ſincere;
And Peace and Juſtice knit the band,
The fourfold band of concord dear.
In Heav'n the gratulations loud began;
Glory to GOD on high, peace and good will to man.

VI.

Come, lovely TRUTH, more lovely grown,
Since Mercy made thee all her own:
Her ſignature ſhe bade thee wear,
Her greetings ſweet to mortals bear,
And leave her name, her form impreſt,
In living characters on every panting breaſt.
She bade thee chear each drooping heart,
And wipe the mourner's beamleſs eye;
Its optic upwards taught to dart,
To meet the day-ſpring from on high.
Full in the view, th' atoning croſs preſent;
The mangl'd body bare, with clotted gore beſprent.

VII.

O come thou then, not wrapp'd in cloud,
Nor as in *Sinai* thund'ring loud;
Nor yet in myſtic form be ſeen,
By Fancy dreſs'd, the pageant queen.
Come, but with look ſerene, and clear,
Such as in Heav'n thou'rt wont t' appear.

Each fear, each trembling doubt repell,
Here, gueſt divine, here deign to dwell;
The frantic dreams of vanity controul;
O pour GOD's fulneſs on my raviſh'd ſoul,
Confirming ev'ry grace, and realize the whole.

HYMN to ADVERSITY,

By WILLIAM SMITH, D. D.

Provoſt of the College and Academy of *Philadelphia.*

FATHER of all! ſtill wiſe and good,
Whether thou giv'ſt or tak'ſt away;
Before thy throne devoutly bow'd,
We hail thy providential ſway!
Save us from fortune's hollow ſmile,
That lures the guardleſs ſoul to reſt;
A round of pleaſure is but toil,
And who could bear a conſtant feaſt?
Sometimes thy chaſt'ning hand employ,
Gently to rouſe us, not to pain!
Sometimes let ſorrow prove our joy,
And ſcatter folly's noiſy train!
Oft let us drop a penſive tear,
O'er this much-ſuffering ſcene of man;
Acute to feel what others bear,
And wiſe our own defects to ſcan.

Teach us, while woes and deaths are nigh,
To think on thee, and weigh our duſt;
Well may we mark the hours that fly,
And ſtill find leiſure to be juſt.

On the Death of a FELLOW-STUDENT,

By Mr DUCHE of *Philadelphia*-College.

Addreſſed to Dr SMITH his tutor, upon occaſion of his preaching his funeral ſermon.

WHILE for a pupil loſt, your ſorrow flows,
In all the harmony of finiſh'd proſe;
While melting crouds the pious accents hear,
Sigh to your ſighs, and give you tear for tear:
We too, in humble verſe, would treat the theme,
And join our griefs to ſwell the general ſtream.
For we remember well his matchleſs power,
To ſteal upon the heart, and chear the ſocial hour.
Ah! much lov'd friend! too ſoon thy beauties fade!
Too ſoon we count thee with the ſilent dead!
Thou, late the faireſt plant in Virtue's plain,
The brighteſt youth in Wiſdom's riſing train;
By genius great, by liberal arts adorn'd,
By ſtrangers ſeen and lov'd, by ſtrangers mourn'd;

Bleſt in a tender brother's friendly breaſt;
And in paternal fondneſs doubly bleſt!
Art thou now ſunk in death's tremendous gloom,
Wrapt in the awful horrors of a tomb?
Ah me! how vain all ſublunary joy!
Woes following woes, our warmeſt hopes deſtroy!
But hark!—ſome voice celeſtial ſtrikes mine ear,
And bids the muſe her plaintive ſtrains forbear.
" Weep not, fond youths,—it cries, or ſeems to cry—
" He lives, your friend yet lives, and treads the ſky;
" From care, from toil, from ſickneſs ſnatch'd away,
" He ſhines amid the blaze of heaven's eternal day."

The HYMN of CLEANTHES,

A Stoic Philoſopher, the diſciple of *Zeno*. Firſt publiſhed at the requeſt of Lord *L*——, who was pleaſed to find ſuch juſt ſentiments of the Deity in a Heathen, and ſo much poetry in a Philoſopher.

Tranſlated by GILBERT WEST, Eſq; L.L.D,

Author of the elegant Eſſay upon the Reſurrection of *Chriſt*, a book which has obtained, as it juſtly merited, the applauſe of the learned, and the praiſe of the pious.

O UNDER various ſacred names ador'd!
Divinity ſupreme! all-potent LORD!

Author of Nature! whoſe unbounded ſway
And legiſlative pow'r all things obey!
Majeſtic JOVE! all hail! to Thee belong
The ſuppliant pray'r, and tributary ſong:
To Thee from all thy mortal offſpring due;
From Thee we came, from Thee our being drew;
Whatever lives and moves, great Sire! is thine,
Embodied portions of the ſoul divine.
Therefore to Thee will I attune my ſtring,
And of thy wondrous pow'r for ever ſing.
The wheeling orbs, the wandring fires above,
That round this earthly ſphere inceſſant move,
Through all this boundleſs world admit thy ſway,
And roll ſpontaneous where thou point'ſt the way.
Such is the awe impreſt on nature round
When through the void thy dreadful thunders ſound,
Thoſe flaming agents of thy matchleſs pow'r:
Aſtoniſh'd worlds hear, tremble, and adore.
Thus paramount to all, by all obey'd,
Ruling that reaſon which thro' all convey'd
Informs this gen'ral maſs, Thou reign'ſt ador'd,
Supreme, unbounded, univerſal Lord.
For nor in earth, nor earth-encircling floods,
Nor yon æthereal pole, the ſeat of Gods,
Is ought perform'd without thy aid divine;
Strength, wiſdom, virtue, mighty JOVE, are thine!
Vice is the act of man, by paſſion toſt,
And in the ſhoreleſs ſea of folly loſt.

But Thou, what vice diſorders, canſt compoſe,
And profit by the malice of thy foes;
So blending good with evil, fair with foul,
As thence to model one harmonious whole,
One univerſal law of truth and right:
But wretched mortals ſhun the heav'nly light;
And, tho' to bliſs directing ſtill their choice,
Hear not, or heed not reaſon's ſacred voice,
That common guide ordain'd to point the road
That leads obedient man to ſolid good.
Thence quitting virtue's lovely paths they rove,
As various objects various paſſions move.
Some, thro' oppoſing crouds and threatning war,
Seek pow'r's bright throne, and fame's triumphal carr.
Some, bent on wealth, purſue with endleſs pain
Oppreſſive, ſordid, and diſhoneſt gain:
While others, to ſoft indolence reſign'd,
Drown in corporeal ſweets th' immortal mind.
But, O great Father, thunder-ruling God!
Who in thick darkneſs mak'ſt thy dread abode!
Thou, from whoſe bounty all good gifts deſcend,
Do Thou from ignorance mankind defend!
The clouds of vice and folly, O controul;
And ſhed the beams of wiſdom on the ſoul!
Thoſe radiant beams, by whoſe all-piercing flame
Thy juſtice rules this univerſal frame.
That honour'd with a portion of thy light
We may eſſay thy goodneſs to requite

With honorary ſongs, and grateful lays,
And hymn thy glorious works with ceaſeleſs praiſe,
The proper taſk of man: and ſure to ſing
Of nature's laws, and nature's mighty King
Is bliſs ſupreme. Let Gods with mortals join!
The ſubject may tranſport a breaſt divine.

An ODE to MANKIND.

Addreſſed to FREDERIC then Prince of Wales.

By the ſame.

INTRODUCTION to the PRINCE.

NOR me the glories of thy birth engage,
With royal names to ſwell my pompous page:
Nor meaner views allure, in ſoothing lays
To court thy favour with officious praiſe.
Yet praiſe it is, thus to addreſs thine ear
In ſtrains no ſlave dare ſing, no tyrant hear;
While warm for *Britain*'s rights and nature's laws,
I call forth *Britain*'s HOPE in freedom's cauſe:
Aſſert an empire which to ALL belongs,
And vindicate a world's long ſuffer'd wrongs.
These ſaving truths import thee moſt to know,
The links that tie the mighty to the low;

What now, our fellow-ſubject, is your due,
And, when our prince, ſhall be a debt on you.
O! mayſt thou to the throne ſuch maxims bring!
And feel the free-man while thou reign'ſt the king.
Far hence the tribe, whoſe ſervile arts delude,
And teach the great to ſpurn the multitude.
Are thoſe unworthy of the royal heir,
Who claim the future monarch's duteous care?
Still may thy thoughts the godlike taſk purſue,
And to the many, ne'er prefer the few!
Still mayſt thou fly thy fortune's ſpecious friends,
Who deal forth ſov'reign grace to private ends;
In narrow ſtreams divert the copious tide,
Exalt one ſect, and damn the world beſide;
While with falſe lights directing partial rule,
The lord of nations falls a party's tool.
Such there have been—and ſuch, in truth's deſpite,
Diſgrac'd the cauſe of liberty and right.
But thou ſhalt riſe ſuperior to their arts,
And fix thy empire in a people's hearts.
Nor hence may faction boaſt her favour'd claim,
Where ſelfiſh paſſions borrow Virtue's name:
Free government alone preſerves the free,
And righteous rule is gen'ral liberty;
Their guiding law is freedom's native voice,
The public good defin'd by public choice;
And juſtly ſhould the bold offenders fall,
Who dare invade the ſov'reign rights of all;

A king who proudly makes theſe claims his own,
Or they whoſe rage would ſhake a lawful throne.
From truths like theſe proceeds a right divine,
And may the pow'r that rais'd, preſerve thy ſcepter'd line.

To MANKIND: The ODE.

I.

Is there, or do the ſchoolmen dream?
Is there on earth a pow'r ſupreme;
The delegate of heav'n?
To whom an uncontroul'd command,
In ev'ry realm o'er ſea and land,
By ſpecial grace is giv'n?

II.

Then ſay, what ſigns this god proclaim?
Dwells he amidſt the diamond's flame,
A throne his hallow'd ſhrine?
The borrow'd pomp, the arm'd array
Want, fear, and impotence betray:
Strange proofs of pow'r divine!

III.

If ſervice due from human kind,
To men in ſlothful eaſe reclin'd,
Can form a ſov'reign's claim:
Hail monarchs! ye, whom heav'n ordains,
Our toils unſhar'd, to ſhare our gains,
Ye idiots blind and lame!

IV.

Superior virtue, wiſdom, might,
Create and mark the ruler's right,
So reaſon muſt conclude:
Then thine it is, to whom belong
The wiſe, the virtuous, and the ſtrong,
Thrice ſacred multitude!

V.

In thee, vaſt ALL! are theſe contain'd,
For thee are thoſe, thy parts ordain'd,
So nature's ſyſtems roll:
The ſceptre's thine, if ſuch there be;
If none there is, then thou art free,
Great monarch! mighty whole!

VI.

Let the proud tyrant reſt his cauſe
On faith, preſcription, force, or laws,
An hoſt's or ſenate's voice!
His voice affirms thy ſtronger due,
Who for the many made the few,
And gave the ſpecies choice.

VII.

Unſanctify'd by thy command,
Unown'd by thee, the ſcepter'd hand
The trembling ſlave may bind.
But looſe from nature's moral ties,
The oath by force impos'd belies
The unaſſenting mind.

VIII.

Thy will's thy rule, thy good its end;
You puniſh only to defend
What parent nature gave:
And he who dare her gifts invade,
By nature's oldeſt law is made
Thy victim or thy ſlave.

IX.

Thus reaſon founds the juſt decree
On univerſal liberty,
Not private rights reſign'd:
Through various nature's wide extent,
No private beings e'er were meant
To hurt the gen'ral kind.

X.

Thee juſtice guides, thee right maintains,
Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the pilf'rer's gains,
Thy injur'd weal impair.
Thy warmeſt paſſions ſoon ſubſide,
Nor partial envy, hate, nor pride,
Thy temper'd counſels ſhare.

XI.

Each inſtance of thy vengeful rage,
Collected from each clime and age,
Tho' malice ſwell the ſum,
Would ſeem a ſpotleſs ſcanty ſcroll,
Compar'd with *Marius'* bloody roll,
Or *Sylla's* hippodrome.

XII.

But thine has been imputed blame;
Th' unworthy few aſſume thy name,
The rabble weak and loud;
Or thoſe who on thy ruins feaſt,
The lord, the lawyer, and the prieſt;
A more ignoble croud.

XIII.

Avails it thee, if one devours,
Or leſſer ſpoilers ſhare his pow'rs,
While both thy claim oppoſe?
Monſters who wore thy ſully'd crown,
Tyrants who pull'd thoſe monſters down,
Alike to thee were foes.

XIV.

Far other ſhone fair Freedom's hand,
Far other was th' immortal ſtand,
When HAMPDEN fought for thee:
They ſnatch'd from rapine's gripe thy ſpoils,
The fruits and prize of glorious toils,
Of arts and induſtry.

XV.

On thee yet foams the preacher's rage,
On thee fierce frowns th' hiſtorian's page,
A falſe apoſtate train:
Tears ſtream adown the martyr's tomb;
Unpity'd in their harder doom,
Thy thouſands ſtrow the plain.

XVI.

Theſe had no charms to pleaſe the ſenſe,
No graceful port, no eloquence,
To win the Muſe's throng:
Unknown, unſung, unmark'd they lie;
But *Caeſar*'s fate o'ercaſts the ſky,
And Nature mourns his wrong.

XVII.

Thy foes, a frontleſs band, invade;
Thy friends afford a timid aid,
And yield up half thy right.
Ev'n *Locke* beams forth a mingled ray,
Afraid to pour the flood of day
On man's too feeble ſight.

XVIII.

Hence are the motly ſyſtems fram'd,
Of right transfer'd, of power reclaim'd;
Diſtinctions weak and vain.
Wiſe Nature mocks the wrangling herd;
For unreclaim'd, and untransfer'd,
Her pow'rs and rights remain.

XIX.

While law the royal agent moves,
The inſtrument thy choice approves,
We bow through him to you.
But change, or ceaſe th' inſpiring choice,
The ſov'reign ſinks a private voice,
Alike in one, or few!

XX.

Shall then the wretch, whoſe daſtard heart
Shrinks at a tyrant's nobler part,
And only dares betray;
With reptile wiles, alas! prevail,
Where force, and rage, and prieſt-craft fail,
To pilfer pow'r away?

XXI.

O! ſhall the bought, and buying tribe,
The ſlaves who take, and deal the bribe,
A people's claims enjoy!
So *Indian* murd'rers hope to gain
The pow'rs and virtues of the ſlain,
Of wretches they deſtroy.

XXII.

" Avert it, Heav'n! you love the brave,
" You hate the treach'rous, willing ſlave,
" The ſelf-devoted head.
" Nor ſhall an hireling's voice convey
" That ſacred prize to lawleſs ſway,
" For which a nation bled."

XXIII.

Vain pray'r, the coward's weak reſource!
Directing reaſon, active force,
Propitious Heav'n beſtows.
But ne'er ſhall flame the thund'ring ſky,
To aid the trembling herd that fly
Before the weaker foes.

XXIV.

In names there dwell no magic charms,
The *Britiſh* virtues, *Britiſh* arms
Unloos'd our fathers' band:
Say, *Greece* and *Rome!* if theſe ſhou'd fail,
What names, what anceſtors avail,
To ſave a ſinking land?

XXV.

Far, far from us ſuch ills ſhall be,
Mankind ſhall boaſt one nation free,
One monarch truly great;
Whoſe title, ſpeaks a people's choice,
Whoſe ſovereign will, a people's voice,
Whoſe ſtrength, a proſp'rous ſtate.

An ODE.

By the ſame.

I.

Too anxious for the public weal,
Awhile ſuſpend the toilſome ſtrife!
O think if *Britain* claim thy zeal,
Thy friends and *Britain* claim thy life!

II.

Thy gen'rous, free, and active ſoul,
Inſpir'd by glory's ſacred flame,

Springs ardent to the diſtant goal,
And ſtrains the weaker mortal frame.

III.

Happy whom reaſon deigns to guide,
Secure within the golden mean,
Who ſhuns the Stoic's ſenſeleſs pride,
Nor wallows with the herd obſcene.

IV.

He nor with brow ſeverely bent,
Chides Pleaſure's ſmiling train away;
Nor, careleſs of life's great intent,
With folly waſtes each heedleſs day.

V.

But from the mountain's lofty height,
Now Nature's mighty frame ſurveys;
And now deſcending with delight,
Along the humble valley ſtrays.

VI.

So have I ſeen thee gain applauſe,
Tho' faction rag'd, from *Britain*'s peers;
Then glorious in thy country's cauſe,
Go whiſper love in *Chloe*'s ears.

An INSCRIPTION on the TOMB,

Raiſed to the memory of the Author's father, and of others his Anceſtors.

By the ſame.

UNMARK'D by trophies of the great and vain,
Here ſleeps in ſilent tombs a gentle train.
No folly waſted their paternal ſtore,
No guilt, no ſordid av'rice made it more;
With honeſt fame, and ſober plenty crown'd,
They liv'd and ſpread their cheering influence round.
May he whoſe hand this pious tribute pays,
Receive a like return of filial praiſe!

SOLITUDE.

To the Reverend Mr STANTON,

By Mr THOMAS GIBBONS.

STANTON, the man that can controul
All the wild ſallies of his ſoul,
His wiſhes, and his fears,

An ampler world than CÆSAR's ſways,
Although no crown's triumphal blaze
His humble forehead wears.

He that is fool enough may aim,
And idly ſpend immortal flame
To rank amongſt the great:
He ſtands: but on a rocking tow'r,
The envy'd wonder of an hour,
Then plunges to his fate.

I aſk, my friend, a quiet ſeat,
Such as thy DEB'NHAM's ſtill retreat,
Where days and months may flow
Gentle as zephyr's feet glide by,
And where my vein of poeſy
In its full pulſe may glow.

Pleas'd ſhould I be if this ſhort life,
Free from the eddying whirls of ſtrife,
Through thy lone ſhades might ſlide;
For if it meets the boiſt'rous croud,
Malice and rage will ſoyl the flood,
And blot its ſilver tide.

Thus, to all mortal gaze unknown,
But friendly and familiar grown
With conſcience and my GOD,

I'd enter death's tremendous vale;
Nor ſhould the heart-felt rapture fail
To animate the road.

A VIEW from HAY-CLIFF, near *Dover*.

By the ſame.

THE roſy morn had chas'd the pow'r of ſleep,
And the ſun's ſplendors flam'd along the deep,
When up the rock, with reſolute eſſay,
We urge laborious the long arduous way:
Pale, panting, languiſhing, we reach the top;
Where, ſeiz'd with wild aſtoniſhment, we ſtop,
Nor venture near the edge. Strange dizzy ſight!
Like angels bending from th' ethereal height,
Our large illimitable view we caſt
O'er earth's broad map, and ocean's boundleſs waſte.
The cliff *, that from the humble beach uprears
An awful front, and ſeems to threat the ſtars,
Sinks to an hill, whoſe gently riſing brow,
Scarce overlooks the level grounds below:
The heaving waves that with eternal roar
And reſtleſs conflict tumble to the ſhore,

* The cliff where the caſtle ſtands.

Now faintly break upon the liſt'ning ear;
As when the bee, when verdure crowns the year,
Ranging the meads to ſip the dews of morn,
With lonely pleaſure blows his murm'ring horn.
Small as a feather in the boundleſs ſpace,
The wanton ſea-gull wings its airy race;
Now lightly ſhoots along the liquid plain,
And now exulting ſeems to riſe again.
That ſhip, whoſe canvas-wings expanded wide,
And look'd a floating caſtle on the tide,
Shrinks to a feeble bark. The men that tread
The ſhore with ocean's countleſs pebbles ſpread,
Appear like fairies through ſome ſanded way
Homeward returning at the glimpſe of day;
While we muſt ſeem to their uplifted eyes
Dim as the birds that roaming thro' the ſkies
On ſome aërial battlements alight,
And almoſt mock the dazzled ſearch of ſight.
Maker ſupreme, at whoſe omnific call
Obedient roſe this ſea-ſurrounded ball,
How great art thou! whoſe all-ſurveying eye
Extends its beams through vaſt immenſity,
And hid within the hollow of whoſe hand,
Seas are a drop, and theſe proud mounds a ſand.

FRIENDSHIP.

To ROBERT CRUTTENDEN, Eſq;

By the ſame.

BENEATH this cool embow'ring ſhade
Of thick-inwoven woodbines made,
What better theme can charm the hour
Than FRIENDSHIP's life-ſuſtaining pow'r?

Say what could our forefather find,
In *Eden*'s walks to feaſt his mind,
Till EVE appear'd, with blooming grace
To crown the pleaſures of the place?

FRIENDSHIP's the bond of bliſs above,
Where all is harmony and love:
And Hatred's brand inflames the woe
Of fiends and howling ghoſts below.

When firſt the All-creating Sire
Beam'd forth this intellectual fire,
Divinely capable to riſe,
And mingle with congenial ſkies;

FRIENDSHIP prevail'd upon his breaſt,
As if in boundleſs bliſs unbleſt,

Till ſouls, where his bright image glow'd,
Were kindled to commune with GOD.

FRIENDSHIP her healing luſtre pours
O'er Nature in her fainting hours;
Or life, with rayleſs glooms o'ercaſt,
Would howl a ſolitary waſte.

This CRUTTENDEN and I atteſt,
Of mutual flames and joys poſſeſt:
To CRUTTENDEN inſcribe the ſtrains,
Where unextinguiſh'd FRIENDSHIP reigns.

VERSES on Miſs C—— G——.

A YOUNG LADY who died at *Edinburgh*, Feb. 22. 1761.

By the Counteſs of D——.

COME ev'ry tender heart, pour forth your woe;
The young, the good, the fair EUANTHE mourn,
Cropt in the bud of life.———
Array'd in virtue's and in beauty's bloom,
But yeſterday ſhe ſhone among the nymphs,
And when ſhe made a lover, made a friend.
—Ye fair, O! call to mind this maiden's worth,
Her artleſs bloom, her unaffected charms.

She, grateful to the hand who gives us all,
Ne'er borrow'd graces to inſnare the heart.
Wiſdom and mildneſs, eaſe and native truth,
Improv'd by taſte, were all the arts ſhe us'd;
Theſe ſhed a dignity on all her ways,
And gain'd reſpect unthought of by herſelf.
Chearful ſhe trod the path to purer joys,
Averſe to diſſipation's fatal ſnares.
—Alas! while thus we ſpeak but half her praiſe,
What anguiſh muſt her weeping parents feel?
A father, mother, ſiſter, lover, friend,
Each dear, each tender tie, laments her fall.
Ye youths, and *Caledonian* fair, attend:
See, from afar the funeral pomp begins;
Her virgin hearſe, drawn by ſix milk-white ſteeds,
Enſigns of innocence, moves ſlow along;
There fix your mind's eye, ſee the poor remains,
EUANTHE's better part is bleſs'd above.
Friendſhip's laſt debt, in various forms behold
Of numerous equipage, moſt juſtly paid.
Thus while we view the ſad, the ſolemn ſcene,
Which, morn, or noon, or night, o'ertakes us all,
Let us requeſt of Heav'n EUANTHE's fate,
Belov'd when living, and when dead rever'd.

A BRITISH PHILIPPIC:

Occaſioned by the Inſults of the *Spaniards*, and the Preparations for war.

Wrote, *Auguſt* 1738.

By MARK AKENSIDE, M. D.

The well-known author of the "Pleaſures of the Imagi-"nation," and of ſeveral other poetical as well as phyſical performances.

WHENCE this unwonted tranſport in my breaſt?
Why glow my thoughts, and whither would the Muſe
Aſpire with rapid wing? Her country's cauſe
Demands her efforts; at that ſacred call
She ſummons all her ardor, throws aſide
The trembling lyre, and with the warrior's trump
She means to thunder in each *Britiſh* ear;
And if one ſpark of honour or of fame,
Diſdain of inſult, dread of infamy,
One thought of public virtue yet ſurvive,
She means to wake it, rouze the gen'rous flame,
With patriot zeal inſpirit ev'ry breaſt,
And fire each *Britiſh* heart with *Britiſh* wrongs.

Alas, the vain attempt! what influence now
Can the Muſe boaſt? Or what attention now
Is paid to fame or virtue? Where is now
The *Britiſh* ſpirit, generous, warm and brave,
So frequent wont from tyranny and woe
To free the ſuppliant nations? Where, indeed!
If that protection, once to ſtrangers giv'n,
Be now with-held from ſons? Each nobler thought
That warm'd our ſires, is loſt and buried now
In luxury and av'rice. Baneful vice!
How it unmans a nation! Yet I'll try,
I'll aim to ſhake this vile degenerate ſloth;
I'll dare to rouze *Britannia*'s dreaming ſons
To fame, to virtue, and impart around
A generous feeling of compatriot woes.
Come then the various pow'rs of forceful ſpeech!
All that can move, awaken, fire, tranſport;
Come the bold ardor of the *Theban* bard!
Th' arouzing thunder of the patriot *Greek!*
The ſoft perſuaſion of the *Roman* ſage!
Come all! and raiſe me to an equal height,
A rapture worthy of my glorious cauſe!
Leſt my beſt efforts failing ſhould debaſe
The ſacred theme; for with no common wing
The Muſe attempts to ſoar. Yet what need theſe?
My country's fame, my free-born *Britiſh* heart
Shall be my beſt inſpirers, raiſe my flight
High as the *Theban*'s pinion, and with more

Than *Greek* or *Roman* flame exalt my ſoul.
Oh! could I give the vaſt ideas birth
Expreſſive of the thoughts that flame within,
No more ſhould lazy luxury detain
Our ardent youth; no more ſhould *Britain*'s ſons
Sit tamely paſſive by, and careleſs hear
The prayers, ſighs, groans, (immortal infamy!)
Of fellow *Britons*, with oppreſſion ſunk,
In bitterneſs of ſoul demanding aid,
Calling on *Britain*, their dear native land,
The land of liberty; ſo greatly fam'd
For juſt redreſs; the land ſo often dy'd
With her beſt blood, for that arouſing cauſe,
The freedom of her ſons; thoſe ſons that now,
Far from the manly bleſſings of her ſway,
Drag the vile fetters of a *Spaniſh* lord.
And dare they, dare the vanquiſh'd ſons of *Spain*
Enſlave a *Briton?* Have they then forgot,
So ſoon forgot the great, th' immortal day,
When reſcu'd *Sicily* with joy beheld
The ſwift-wing'd thunder of the *Britiſh* arm
Diſperſe their navies: when their coward bands
Fled, like the raven from the bird of JOVE,
From ſwift-impending vengeance fled in vain?
Are theſe our lords? And can *Britannia* ſee
Her foes oft vanquiſh'd, thus defy her pow'r,
Inſult her ſtandard, and enſlave her ſons;
And not ariſe to juſtice? Did our ſires,

Unaw'd by chains, by exile, or by death,
Preſerve inviolate her guardian rights,
And ſacred ev'n to *Britons*, that their ſons
Might give them up to *Spaniards?* Turn your eyes,
Turn ye degen'rate, who with haughty boaſt
Call yourſelves *Britons*, to that diſmal gloom,
That dungeon dark and deep, where never thought
Of joy or peace can enter; ſee the gates
Harſh-creaking open; what an hideous void,
Dark as the yawning grave! while ſtill as death
A frightful ſilence reigns: there on the ground
Behold your brethren chain'd like beaſts of prey:
There mark your num'rous glories, there behold
The look that ſpeaks unutterable woe;
The mangled limb, the faint, the deathful eye
With famine ſunk, the deep heart-burſting groan
Suppreſs'd in ſilence; view the loathſome food,
Refus'd by dogs, and oh! the ſtinging thought;
View the dark *Spaniard* glorying in their wrongs,
The deadly prieſt triumphant in their woes,
And thundring worſt damnation on their ſouls:
While that pale form in all the pangs of death,
Too faint to ſpeak, yet eloquent of all,
His native *Britiſh* ſpirit yet untam'd,
Raiſes his head, and with indignant frowns
Of great defiance, and ſuperior ſcorn,
Looks up and dies——Oh! I am all on fire!
But let me ſpare the theme, leſt future times

Should bluſh to hear, that either conquer'd *Spain*
Durſt offer *Britain* ſuch outrageous wrong,
Or *Britain* tamely bore it.——
Deſcend, ye guardian heroes of the land!
Scourges of *Spain*, deſcend! Behold your ſons!
See! how they run the ſame heroic race,
How prompt, how ardent in their country's cauſe,
How greatly proud t' aſſert their *Britiſh* blood,
And in their deeds reflect their fathers' fame!
Ah! would to Heav'n! ye did not rather ſee
How dead to virtue in the public cauſe!
How cold, how careleſs, how to glory deaf,
They ſhame your laurels, and bely their birth!
Come, ye great ſpirits, *Cavendiſh*, *Rawleigh*, *Blake?*
And ye of later name, your country's pride,
Oh! come diſperſe theſe lazy fumes of ſloth!
Teach *Britiſh* hearts with *Britiſh* fires to glow!
In wakening whiſpers rouſe our ardent youth,
Blazon the triumphs of your better days,
Paint all the glorious ſcenes of rightful war,
In all its ſplendors to their ſwelling ſouls.
Say how ye bow'd th' inſulting *Spaniard*'s pride,
Say how ye thunder'd o'er their proſtrate heads,
Say how ye broke their lines, and fir'd their ports,
Say how not death in all its frightful ſhapes
Could damp your ſouls, or ſhake the great reſolve
For *Right* and *Britain*: then diſplay the joys
The patriot's ſoul exalting, while he views

Tranſported millions hail with loud acclaim
The guardian of their civil, ſacred rights:
How greatly welcome to the virtuous man
Is death, for others' good; the radiant thoughts
That beam celeſtial on his paſſing ſoul,
Th' unfading crowns awaiting him above,
Th' exalting plaudit of the Great Supreme,
Who in his actions with complacence views
His own reflected ſplendor; then deſcend
Tho' to a lower, yet a noble ſcene;
Paint the juſt honours to his reliques paid,
Shew grateful millions weeping o'er his grave;
While his fair fame in each progreſſive age
For ever brightens; and the wiſe and good
Of every land in univerſal choir
With richeſt incenſe of undying praiſe
His urn encircle, to the wondering world
His num'rous triumphs blazon; while with awe,
With filial reverence in his ſteps they tread,
And copying ev'ry virtue, ev'ry fame,
Tranſplant his glories into ſecond life,
And with unſparing hand make nations bleſt
By his example. Vaſt immenſe rewards!
For all the turmoils which the virtuous mind
Encounters here. Yet, *Britons*, are ye cold?
Yet deaf to glory, virtue, and the call
Of your poor injur'd countrymen? Ah! no.
I ſee ye are not; ev'ry boſom glows

With native greatneſs, and in all its ſtate
The *Britiſh* ſpirit riſes: glorious change!
Fame, virtue, freedom welcome! Oh! forgive
The Muſe, that ardent in her ſacred cauſe
Your glory queſtion'd: ſhe beholds with joy,
She owns, ſhe triumphs in her wiſh'd miſtake.
See! from her ſea-beat throne in awful march
Britannia tow'rs; upon her laurel creſt
The plumes majeſtic nod; behold ſhe heaves
Her guardian ſhield, and terrible in arms
For battle ſhakes her adamantine ſpear:
Loud at her foot the *Britiſh* lion roars,
Frighting the nations; haughty *Spain* full ſoon
Shall hear and tremble. Go then, *Britons*, forth,
Your country's daring champions; tell your foes,
Tell them in thunders o'er their proſtrate land
You were not born for ſlaves: let all your deeds
Shew that the ſons of thoſe immortal men,
The ſtars of ſhining ſtory, are not ſlow
In virtue's path to emulate their fires,
T' aſſert their country's rights, t' avenge her ſons,
And hurl the bolts of juſtice on her foes.

HYMN to SCIENCE.

By the ſame.

O vitae philoſophia dux! O virtutis indagatrix, expultrixque vitiorum.—Tu urbes peperiſti; tu inventrix legum, tu magiſtra morum et diſciplinae fuiſti: ad te confugimus, a te opem petimus.

CIC. *Tuſc. Qu.*

SCIENCE! thou fair effuſive ray
From the great ſource of mental day,
Free, generous, and refin'd!
Deſcend with all thy treaſures fraught,
Illumine each bewilder'd thought,
And bleſs my lab'ring mind.
But firſt, with thy reſiſtleſs light,
Diſperſe thoſe phantoms from my ſight,
Thoſe mimic ſhades of thee;
The ſcholiaſt's learning, ſophiſt's cant,
The viſionary bigot's rant,
The monk's philoſophy.
O! let thy powerful charms impart
The patient head, the candid heart,
Devoted to thy ſway;
Which no weak paſſions e'er miſlead,
Which ſtill with dauntleſs ſteps proceed
Where reaſon points the way.

Give me to learn each ſecret cauſe;
Let number's, figure's, motion's laws,
Reveal'd before me ſtand;
Theſe to great Nature's ſcenes apply,
And round the globe, and thro' the ſky,
Diſcloſe her working hand.

Next, to thy nobler ſearch reſign'd,
The buſy, reſtleſs, human mind
Thro' ev'ry maze purſue;
Detect Perception where it lies,
Catch the ideas as they riſe,
And all their changes view.

Say from what ſimple ſprings began
The vaſt, ambitious thoughts of man,
Which range beyond controul;
Which ſeek Eternity to trace,
Dive thro' th' infinity of ſpace,
And ſtrain to graſp THE WHOLE.

Her ſecret ſtores let Memory tell,
Bid Fancy quit her fairy cell,
In all her colours dreſt;
While prompt her ſallies to controul,
Reaſon, the judge, recalls the ſoul
To Truth's ſevereſt teſt.

Then launch thro' Being's wide extent;
Let the fair ſcale, with juſt aſcent,
And cautious ſteps, be trod;

And from the dead, corporeal maſs,
Thro' each progreſſive order paſs
To Inſtinct, Reaſon, GOD.

There, SCIENCE! veil thy daring eye;
Nor dive too deep, nor ſoar too high,
In that divine abyſs;
To Faith content thy beams to lend,
Her hopes t'aſſure, her ſteps befriend,
And light her way to bliſs.

Then downwards take thy flight again,
Mix with the policies of men,
And ſocial nature's ties:
The plan, the genius of each ſtate,
Its intereſt and its pow'rs relate,
Its fortunes and its riſe.

Thro' private life purſue thy courſe,
Trace every action to its ſource,
And means and motives weigh:
Put tempers, paſſions in the ſcale,
Mark what degrees in each prevail,
And fix the doubtful ſway.

That laſt, beſt effort of thy ſkill,
To form the life, and rule the will,
Propitious pow'r! impart:
Teach me to cool my paſſion's fires,
Make me the judge of my deſires,
The maſter of my heart.

Raiſe me above the vulgar's breath,
Purſuit of fortune, fear of death,
And all in life that's mean.
Still true to reaſon be my plan,
Still let my actions ſpeak the man,
Thro' every various ſcene.

Hail! queen of manners, light of truth;
Hail! charm of age, and guide of youth;
Sweet refuge of diſtreſs:
In buſineſs, thou! exact, polite;
Thou giv'ſt Retirement its delight,
Proſperity its grace.

Of wealth, pow'r, freedom, thou! the cauſe;
Foundreſs of order, cities, laws,
Of arts inventreſs, thou!
Without thee what were human kind?
How vaſt their wants, their thoughts how blind!
Their joys how mean! how few!

Sun of the ſoul! thy beams unveil!
Let others ſpread the daring ſail,
On Fortune's faithleſs ſea;
While undeluded, happier I
From the vain tumult timely fly,
And ſit at peace with Thee.

An ODE to EVENING.

In Imitation of MILTON.

I.

EVENING, thou nymph divine and holy,
Devout, demure, and melancholy;
Oh, teach me, gentle maid,
In penſive ſtrains to tell my tale,
Soft as the breathings of the gale
That fans thy ſleeping ſhade.

II.

Full on yon heaving billow's breaſt,
His head reclin'd, eyes ſunk in reſt,
I view the falling light.
With him, the wakeful pleaſures fly
To climes, where day ne'er ſhuts his eye,
Nor dreads the ſullen night.

III

But now, thy folding dewy ſtar,
Its paly circlet ſhews from far,
To warn the dapper elves
That ſlept in roſe-buds all day long,
Or lurk'd amidſt the ſun-beam's throng,
To haunt the lawns and ſhelves.

IV.

And many a nymph who ſheds her brows
With ſedge-leaves dipt in freſhning dews,
Now leave their wet abode.
But church-yards drear, and lonely ſhores,
The lated traveller abhors,
And takes a ſafer road.

V.

Then let me rove ſome heathy ſcene,
Where glaring ruin ſits between,
And tomb-ſtones ſhew their head;
Where o'er a grave, ſome plaintive ghoſt
Bewails a life untimely loſt,
And charms the liſt'ning dead.

VI.

In days now paſt, ſure days of yore,
When mankind own'd religion's pow'r,
Nor ſcorn'd a SAVIOUR's ſway;
GOD's praiſe with morning's light begun,
And when the ev'ning bell was rung,
It ſooth'd the twilight gray.

VII.

But now, forgotten and forlorn,
With eyes enflam'd, the flushed morn
Sees rebel-mortals riſe.
Nor night, in all her brown array,
Can bend the ſtubborn heart to pray,
Or learn them to be wiſe.

VIII.

But ſoon a midnight trump ſhall blow,
And bid the ſheeted dead, below,
Awake and meet their doom:
A midnight, ah! how blank and drear,
To him who never pour'd a pray'r,
Nor begg'd a SAVIOUR's boon.

CHEARFULNESS.

FAIR as the dawning light! auſpicious gueſt!
Source of all comfort to the human breaſt!
Depriv'd of thee in ſad deſpair we moan,
And tedious roll the heavy moments on.
Though beauteous objects all around us riſe,
To charm the fancy, and delight the eyes;
Though Art's fair works, and Nature's gifts conſpire
To pleaſe each ſenſe, and ſatiate each deſire:
'Tis joyleſs all—till thy enliv'ning ray
Scatters the melancholy gloom away:
Then opens to the ſoul a heavenly ſcene,
Gladneſs and peace, all ſprightly, all ſerene.
Where doſt thou deign, ſay, in what bleſt retreat,
To chuſe thy manſion, and to fix thy ſeat?
Thy ſacred preſence how ſhall we explore?
Can av'rice gain thee with her golden ſtore?

Can vain ambition, with her boaſted charms,
Tempt thee within her wide-extended arms?
No, with CONTENT alone canſt thou abide,
Thy ſiſter, ever ſmiling by thy ſide.
When boon companions, void of every care,
Crown the full bowl, and the rich bumper ſhare,
And give a looſe to pleaſure—art thou there?
Or when the eager ſwains purſue the chace
With active limbs, and health in every face?
Is it thy voice, that wak'ning up the morn,
Chears the ſtaunch hound, and winds th' enliv'ning horn?
Or when th' aſſembled great and fair advance,
To celebrate the maſk, the play, the dance;
Whilſt beauty ſpreads its ſweeteſt charms around,
And airs extatic ſwell the tuneful ſound,
Art thou within the pompous circle found?
Does not thy influence more ſedately ſhine?
Can ſuch tumultuous joys as theſe be thine?
Surely more mild, more conſtant in their courſe,
Thy pleaſures iſſue from a nobler ſource;
From ſweet diſcretion ruling in the breaſt,
From paſſions temper'd, and from luſts repreſt,
From thoughts unconſcious of a guilty ſmart,
And the calm tranſports of an honeſt heart.
Thy aid, O ever faithful, ever kind,
Thro' life, thro' death, attends the virtuous mind;
Of angry fate wards from us ev'ry blow,
Cures ev'ry ill, and ſoftens ev'ry woe.

Whatever good our mortal ſtate deſires,
What Wiſdom finds, or Innocence inſpires;
From Nature's bounteous hand whatever flows,
Whate'er our Maker's providence beſtows,
By thee mankind enjoys, by thee repays
A grateful tribute of perpetual praiſe.

On the NUPTIALS of FREDERIC, late Prince of WALES.

Wrote *January* 1739.

Performances ſuch as this, are of two kinds—The generality of them, as they conſiſt, for the moſt part, of high-flown compliments, and fulſome flattery, are calculated only to live a day, and for ever after are ſunk in oblivion.—Some, however, look a little further, and by the elegance of their poetry, as well as the juſtneſs of their ſentiments, (which, though peculiarly agreeable at the time of their publication), fail not to pleaſe when the occaſion of their compoſition, and the tranſaction referred to, are forgotten.—Of this laſt kind, is the following Ode, the production of

Mr JO. SPENCE, Profeſſor of Poetry, and Fellow of New-College, *Oxon*,

Who has made no inconſiderable figure in the literary world.

WHEN pious frauds, and holy pride no more
Cou'd hold that empire, which ſo long they bore;

From fair *Germania*'s ſtates the Truth began
To gleam, and ſhed her heavenly light on man:
To FREDERIC firſt, the *Saxon* prince, 'twas giv'n
To nurſe and cheriſh this beſt gift of Heav'n.
Its growth, whilſt young and tender, was his care;
To guard its bloſſoms from th' inclement air:
And dying, 'Mayſt thou flouriſh!' was his pray'r.
Again, when fair Religion now had ſpread
Her influence round, and rais'd her captiv'd head;
When *Charles* and *Rome* their impious forces join'd
To quench its light, and re-inſlave mankind;
Another FREDERIC firſt appear'd in arms,
To guard th' endanger'd bleſſings from alarms.
Ye Heav'ns, what virtues with what courage join'd!
But join'd in vain!—See vanquiſh'd, and confin'd,
In the deep gloom, the pious hero lies!
And lifts to Heav'n his ever-ſtreaming eyes.
There, ſpent with ſorrows, as he ſunk to reſt
(The public cauſe ſtill lab'ring in his breaſt)
Behold, in ſlumber, to his view diſplay'd,
Roſe the firſt FREDERIC's venerable ſhade!
His temples circled with a heav'nly flame:
The ſame his flowing robe; his look the ſame.
'And art thou come? (the captive warrior cries)
'What realms ſo long detain'd thee from our eyes?
'After ſuch wars, ſuch deaths and horrors paſt,
'Is our great guardian chief return'd at laſt?

'Say, from yon heav'n, ſo long deſir'd in vain,
'Deſcends our hero to our aid again?
'Now when proud *Rome*, her ſtandard wide unfurl'd,
'Pours like a deluge o'er the trembling world;
'Fierce, her diſputed empire to reſtore,
'And ſcourge mankind for ten dark ages more:
'Like me, Religion wears the tyrant's chain;
'Proſtrate, like me, ſhe bleeds at every vein:
'Oh! muſt we never, never riſe again?'
'Diſmiſs thy fears, (the reverend Shade replies),
'Be firm; be conſtant; and abſolve the ſkies.
'Dark are the ways of Heav'n: let man attend:
'Soon will the regular confuſion end.
'Soon ſhall thy eyes a brighter ſcene ſurvey,
'(Lo, the fleet hours already wing their way),
'When to thy native ſoil in peace reſtor'd,
'Once more ſhall *Gotha* ſee her lawful lord.
'True to religion, each ſucceſſive ſon
'Shall aid the cauſe, their generous ſires begun.
'Even now I look thro' fate: O glorious ſight!
'I ſee thy offſpring, as they riſe to light.
'What benefits to man! what lights divine!
'What heroes, and what ſaints, adorn the line!
'And oh, to crown the ſame, my joyful eyes
'Behold from far a princely virgin riſe!
'This, this is ſhe, the ſmiling fates ordain
'To bring the bright primaeval times again!

'The fair AUGUSTA!—Grac'd with blooming charms;
'Reſerv'd to bleſs a *Britiſh* prince's arms.
'Behold, behold, the long-expected day!
'Fly ſwift, ye hours; ye minutes, haſte away.
'To wed the fair, O favour'd of the ſkies,
'Riſe in thy time, thou deſtin'd hero, riſe!
'For thro' this ſcene of opening fate, I ſee
'A greater FREDERIC ſhall ariſe in thee!
'Then let thy fears, from this bleſt moment, ceaſe:
'Henceforth, ſhall pure religion reign in peace.
'Thy royal race ſhall *Albion*'s ſceptre ſway;
'And ſon to ſon th' imperial pow'r convey:
'All ſhall ſupport, like thee, the noble cauſe
'Of truth, religion, liberty, and laws.'
This ſaid, the venerable Shade retir'd:
The wond'ring Hero, at the viſion fir'd,
With gen'rous rapture glows; forgets his pains;
Smiles at his woes, and triumphs in his chains.

VIRTUE and FAME.

TO THE

Counteſs of EGREMONT,

By Lord LYTTELTON;

A nobleman, who has at different times obliged the public with many poetical performances, which have juſtly merited

the applauſe of the diſcerning world. But as they are all collected together in the ſecond volume of Mr *Dodſley*'s valuable compilation, except this compliment to the Counteſs of EGREMONT, and the ſubſequent lines to Miſs CARTER on the publication of her odes, we refer thoſe of our readers who wiſh to be more intimately acquainted with the writings of this ornament of our Iſland, to that volume.

It would, however, be unpardonable in the editors to paſs over in ſilence the moſt amiable part of this character;—which is, tho' placed in a very elevated ſtation, and careſſed by the great, not aſhamed to enforce upon all, the practice of real religion, both by his precept and example;—and who recommends Virtue, by making it appear in himſelf that it is neither inconſiſtent with exalted greatneſs, nor with the moſt refined and polite taſte of literature, but throws an additional luſtre upon both.

VIRTUE and FAME, the other day,
Happen'd to croſs each other's way.
Said Virtue, "Hark ye, madam Fame,
Your ladyſhip is much to blame;
Jove bids you always wait on me,
And yet your face I ſeldom ſee.
The *Paphian* queen employs your trumpet,
And bids it praiſe ſome handſome ſtrumpet;
Or, thund'ring thro' the ranks of war,
Ambition ties you to her car."
Saith Fame, "Dear madam, I proteſt,
I never think myſelf ſo bleſt,
As when I humbly wait behind you;
But 'tis ſo mighty hard to find you!
In ſuch obſcure retreats you lurk!
To ſeek you, is an endleſs work."

" Well," anſwer'd Virtue, " I allow
Your plea. But hear, and mark me now:
I know (without offence to others)
I know the beſt of wives and mothers;
Who never paſs'd an uſeleſs day
In ſcandal, goſſipping, or play;
Whoſe modeſt wit, chaſtis'd by ſenſe,
Is lively chearful innocence;
Whoſe heart nor envy knows, nor ſpite,
Whoſe duty is her ſole delight.
Nor rul'd by whim, nor ſlave to faſhion,
Her parents' joy, her huſband's paſſion."
Fame ſmil'd, and anſwer'd, " On my life,
This is ſome country-parſon's wife,
Who never ſaw the court nor town,
Whoſe face is homely as her gown,
Who banquets upon eggs and bacon."——
" No, madam, no—You're much miſtaken—
I beg you'll let me ſet you right—
'Tis one with ev'ry beauty bright;
Adorn'd with ev'ry poliſh'd art
That rank or fortune can impart;
'Tis the moſt celebrated toaſt
That *Britain*'s ſpacious iſle can boaſt;
'Tis princely *Petworth*'s noble dame;
'Tis EGREMONT—Go, tell it Fame!"

ADDITION, extempore,

By the Earl HARDWICKE.

FAME heard with pleaſure—ſtrait reply'd,
" Firſt on my roll ſtands WYNDHAM's bride.
My trumpet oft I've rais'd to ſound
Her modeſt praiſe the world around;
But notes were wanting—Canſt thou find
A muſe to ſing her face, her mind?
Believe me, I can name but one,
A friend of your's, 'tis LYTTELTON."

REPLY, by Lord LYTTELTON.

" *My Lord*,

" A Thouſand thanks to your Lordſhip for your addition to my verſes. If you can write ſuch *extempore*, it is well for other Poets, that you chuſe to be a Lord Chancellor rather than a Laureat. They explain to me a viſion I had the night before."

METHOUGHT I ſaw before my feet,
With countenance ſerene and ſweet,
The muſe, who in my youthful days
Had oft inſpir'd my careleſs lays.
She ſmil'd, and ſaid, " Once more I ſee
My fugitive returns to me:
Long had I loſt you from my bower,
You ſcorn'd to own my gentle power:

With me no more your genius ſported;
The grave hiſtoric Muſe you courted;
Or, rais'd from earth, with ſtraining eyes,
Purſu'd *Urania* through the ſkies.
But now, to my forſaken track,
Fair EGREMONT has brought you back:
Nor bluſh, by her and Virtue led,
That ſoft, that pleaſing path to tread:
For there beneath to-morrow's ray,
Ev'n WISDOM's ſelf ſhall deign to play.
Lo! to my flow'ry groves and ſprings
Her fav'rite ſon the goddeſs brings;
The council's and the ſenate's guide,
Law's oracle, the nation's pride.
He comes; he joys with thee to join
In ſinging WYNDHAM's charms divine;
To thine he adds his nobler lays;
Ev'n thee, my friend he deigns to praiſe.
Enjoy that praiſe, nor envy PITT
His fame with burgeſs or with cit;
For ſure one line from ſuch a bard
VIRTUE would think her beſt reward."

On reading Miſs CARTER's Poems in manuſcript.

By the ſame.

SUCH were the notes that ſtruck the wond'ring ear
Of ſilent night, when on the verdant banks
Of *Siloe*'s hallow'd brook, celeſtial harps,
According to ſeraphic voices, ſung
Glory to God on high, and on the earth
Peace, and good-will to men!—Reſume the lyre,
Chauntreſs divine, and every *Briton* call
Its melody to hear—ſo ſhall thy ſtrains,
More pow'rful than the ſong of *Orpheus*, tame
The ſavage heart of brutal Vice, and bend
At pure Religion's ſhrine the ſtubborn knees
Of bold Impiety—*Greece* ſhall no more
Of *Leſbian Sappho* boaſt, whoſe wanton Muſe,
Like a falſe ſyren, while ſhe charm'd, ſeduc'd
To guilt and ruin. For the ſacred head
Of *Britain*'s poeteſs, the Virtues twine
A nobler wreath, by them from *Eden*'s grove
Unfading gather'd; and direct the hand
Of * * * to fix it on her brows.

ODE,

To a LADY in LONDON.

By Miſs ELIZA CARTER.

WHILE ſoft through water, earth, and air
The vernal ſpirits rove,
From noiſy joys, and giddy crowds,
To rural ſcenes remove.

The mountain ſnows are all diſſolv'd,
And huſh'd the bluſt'ring gale:
While fragrant zephyrs gently breathe
Along the flow'ry vale.

The circling planets' conſtant rounds
The wintry waſtes repair:
And ſtill from temporary death,
Renew the verdant year.

But ah! when once our tranſient bloom,
The ſpring of life, is o'er,
That roſy ſeaſon takes its flight,
And muſt return no more.

Yet judge by Reaſon's ſober rules,
From falſe opinion free,
And mark how little, pilf'ring years
Can ſteal from you, or me.

Each moral pleaſure of the heart,
Each laſting charm of truth,
Depends not on the giddy aid
Of wild unconſtant youth.

The vain coquet, whoſe empty pride
A fading face ſupplies,
May juſtly dread the wintry gloom,
Where all its glory dies.

Leave ſuch a ruin to deplore
To fading forms confin'd:
Nor age, nor wrinkles, diſcompoſe
One feature of the mind.

Amidſt the univerſal change
Unconſcious of decay,
It views, unmov'd, the ſcythe of time
Sweep all beſides away.

Fixt on its own eternal frame,
Eternal are its joys:
While, borne on tranſitory wings,
Each mortal pleaſure flies.

While ev'ry ſhort-liv'd flower of ſenſe
Deſtructive years conſume,
Through friendſhip's fair enchanting walks
Unfading myrtles bloom.

Nor with the narrow bounds of time,
The beauteous proſpect ends,
But lengthen'd thro' the vale of death,
To paradiſe extends.

O D E,

By the ſame.

WHILE night in ſolemn ſhade inveſts the pole,
And calm reflection ſoothes the penſive ſoul;
While Reaſon undiſturb'd aſſerts her ſway,
And life's deceitful colour fades away:
To Thee! all-conſcious preſence, I devote
This peaceful interval of ſober thought.
Here all my better faculties confine,
And be this hour of ſacred ſilence thine.
If by the day's illuſive ſcenes miſled,
My erring ſoul from Virtue's path has ſtray'd:
Snar'd by example, or by paſſion warm'd,
Some falſe delight my giddy ſenſe has charm'd,

My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
And my beſt hopes are center'd in thy love.
Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford!
Its utmoſt boaſt a vain unmeaning word.
But ah! how oft my lawleſs paſſions rove,
And break thoſe awful precepts I approve!
Purſue the fatal impulſe I abhor,
And violate the virtue I adore!
Oft when my better ſpirit's guardian care
Warn'd my fond ſoul to ſhun the tempting ſnare,
My ſtubborn will his gentle aid repreſt,
And check'd the riſing goodneſs in my breaſt;
Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by falſe deſires,
Still'd his ſoft voice, and quench'd his ſacred fires.
With grief oppreſs'd, and proſtrate in the duſt,
Should'ſt thou condemn I own the ſentence juſt.
But oh thy ſofter titles let me claim,
And plead my cauſe by Mercy's gentle name:
Mercy that wipes the penitential tear,
And diſſipates the horrors of deſpair:
From rig'rous Juſtice ſteals the vengeful hour;
Softens the dreadful attribute of power;
Diſarms the wrath of an offended GOD,
And ſeals my pardon in a SAVIOUR's blood.
All-pow'rful Grace, exert thy gentle ſway,
And teach my rebel paſſions to obey:
Leſt lurking Folly with inſidious art
Regain my volatile inconſtant heart.

Shall ev'ry high reſolve Devotion frames,
Be only lifeleſs ſounds and ſpecious names?
Oh rather while thy hopes and fears controul,
In this ſtill hour, each motion of my ſoul;
Secure its ſafety by a ſudden doom,
And be the ſoft retreat of ſleep, my tomb.
Calm let me ſlumber in that dark repoſe,
'Till the laſt morn its orient beam diſcloſe:
Then, when the great Archangel's potent ſound
Shall eccho thro' creation's ample round,
Wak'd from the ſleep of death, with joy ſurvey
The op'ning ſplendors of eternal day.

The IGNORANCE of MAN.

By JAMES MERRICK, M. A.

Fellow of Trinity-College, OXFORD.

BEHOLD yon new-born infant, griev'd
With hunger, thirſt, and pain;
That aſks to have the wants reliev'd,
It knows not to explain.

Aloud the ſpeechleſs ſuppliant cries,
And utters, as it can,
The woes that in its boſom riſe,
And ſpeak its nature Man.

That infant, whoſe advancing hour
Life's various ſorrows try,
(Sad proof of ſin's tranſmiſſive pow'r,)
That infant, Lord, am I.

A childhood yet my thoughts confeſs,
Though long in years mature;
Unknowing whence I feel diſtreſs,
And where, or what, its cure.

Author of good, to Thee I turn;
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants diſcern,
Thy hand alone ſupply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footſteps guide;
That love ſhall vainer loves expell,
That fear all fears beſide.

And O, by error's force ſubdu'd
Since oft my ſtubborn will
Prepoſt'rous, ſhuns the latent good,
And graſps the ſpecious ill;

Not to my wiſh, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply:
Unaſk'd, what good thou knoweſt, grant;
What ill, though aſk'd, deny.

PARAPHRASE on *Matthew* xi. 28.

Come unto me, all ye that labour, &c.

By the ſame.

" To Me, ye ſons of ſorrow, come,
" That o'er life's rugged road
" With weary ſtep uncertain roam,
" And bend beneath your load.
" Come, take my yoke, and learn of me;
" For I am meek of mind;
" Come, and your ſoul, from error free,
" The reſt it ſeeks ſhall find."
Such was the voice of Him who ſpoke,
As never man before:
His burden light, and eaſy yoke,
My ſoul ſhall ſhun no more.
I come; my pray'r to Thee addreſs'd,
Whoſe lips the precept gave:
Do Thou within my inmoſt breaſt
The heav'nly leſſon grave.
So ſhall I learn my deſtin'd race
To run, with willing feet;
Unmov'd as honour or diſgrace
In Truth's defence I meet:

Humility, with meekneſs join'd,
My exaltation ſee,
And freedom's fulleſt meaſure find,
Bleſt Lord! in ſerving Thee.

PARAPHRASE on theſe Words, "*Loveſt thou me?*"

By the Reverend Mr SAMUEL DAVIES, late Preſident of the College of *New Jerſey*:

Whoſe Sermons are now publiſhing, by ſubſcription, by the Rev. Mr GIBBONS at *London*.

MY GOD! the wretch that does not love thy name,
To life and being forfeits all his claim,
And may he ſink to nothing whence he came;
Or let the yawn of the dire mouth of hell,
Receive him with his fellow-fiends to dwell.
Oh! if my heart doth not to thee aſpire,
If ought with equal fervour I deſire,
I am myſelf condemn'd, and doom myſelf to fire.
Let not my guilty breath profane thy air,
Nor groaning earth the monſtrous burden bear.
Let clouds, with vengeance big, burſt o'er my head,
And vollies of red thunder ſtrike me dead,

The ſun convert his gentle rays to flames,
And blaſt the miſcreant with his vengeful beams;
The whole creation riſe in arms for thee,
To vindicate the rights of thy Divinity.
Vile wretch! that dares refuſe to love a GOD
Who form'd me man, out of my native clod.
Thy breath the faculty of love inſpir'd,
And with the heav'nly ſpark my boſom fir'd;
Thy uncreated beauties charm the ſight
Of gazing angels in the realms of light;
Thy glories faintly copied, round me ſhine,
And mildly beam thro' all theſe works of thine,
Proclaiming Thee their origin divine;
Thy grace diffus'd around in thouſand ways,
Ten thouſand worlds with chearful ſmiles arrays.
Thou too! when man to dreadful ruin fell,
Helpleſs, unpitied, on the brink of hell;
When Juſtice, frowning, did the prey demand,
And none could reſcue from his vengeful hand;
Thou, touch'd with pity, did avert his doom,
And gave thy Son, a victim in his room:
Nail'd to the croſs, the bleeding SAVIOUR hangs,
And courts my love with groans and dying pangs.
Oh! I muſt love—for can the groans and blood
Of an incarnate Godhead be withſtood?
Yet ah!—in ſome dark hour, I hardly know
Whether I love my gracious GOD, or no;

Gloomy ſuſpicions, twinging jealouſies,
And anxious doubts in all their horrors riſe;
I hear the whiſp'rings of miſgiving fear,
" Thy love is feign'd, thy ardour inſincere:"
Too true, too true, my trembling ſoul replies,
Elſe whence ſo often could theſe languors riſe?
Ah! theſe unruly paſſions would not rove
Thus wildly, were they fir'd with ſacred love;
Nor would the flame of pure devotion die
Thus frequent, and my powers ſo ſtupid lie.
And yet methinks in ſome bright moment too,
I feel the heav'nly flame divinely glow;
To thee ſo ardent all my paſſions move,
That if I love Thee not, I know not what I love.
If I'm deceiv'd in this with empty ſhew,
Then my exiſtence is uncertain too;
An univerſal ſceptic I commence,
Beneath the glare of brighteſt evidence,
In ſpite of Reaſon. and in ſpite of Senſe.
Oh! if I love thee not, as fears ſuggeſt,
Why am I in thine abſence thus diſtreſs'd?
Whence this ſtrange tumult, this uneaſy pain,
Till thy ſweet ſmiles compoſe my mind again!
Whence theſe wild pantings of immenſe deſire!
Why ſhould poor breathing duſt ſo high aſpire?
I ſee my buſy fellow-worms purſue
Created bliſs, and nothing nobler view;

Content, they waſte their life eſtrang'd from thee,
In undiſturb'd, ſerene ſtupidity;
And why, like them, can't I contented play,
And eat, and drink, and ſleep my days away?
Whence this immenſe ambition in my mind,
To ſcorn all joys but thoſe of heav'nly kind?
Why ſhould a worm, an animated clod
Diſdain all bliſs beneath a boundleſs GOD?
Or what but the attractive force of love,
Could raiſe my grov'ling ſpirit thus above?
Say, great Omniſcient, (for thou know'ſt my heart),
Can nature eaſe my ſoul if thou depart?
Can riches, pleaſures, honours, empires, crowns,
Or friends content me when I feel thy frowns?
No.—All creation dwindles to a toy,
And Heav'n itſelf could not excite my joy.
The chearful ſun glares hateful to my eyes,
And ev'ry blooming beauty round me dies.
Thou great Inviſible! thou dear Unknown,
Why thus to thee ſhould my ſoft paſſions run?
Thus through the objects of my ſenſes break,
And charms unknown, and hidden glories ſeek?
Deep in receſſes of approachleſs light,
Thou dwelleſt far beyond my feeble ſight;
Yet drawn by ſome ſtrange myſtic influence,
I love thee more than all that ſtrikes my ſenſe;
Than all my ears have heard, or eyes have ſeen;
Or lively Fancy's gayeſt powers can feign.

Oh! if thy love does not my heart inflame,
Why do I thus rejoice in JESUS' name?
His name is muſic to my raviſh'd ears,
Sweeter than that which charms the heav'nly ſpheres;
A chearful cordial to my fainting breaſt;
My Hope, my Joy, my Peace, my Heav'n, my Reſt.
I ſpring from earth, and heav'n is my abode;
When can I ſay theſe charming words, "My GOD?"
My GOD! infinite joy lies in the ſound;
Be Thou but mine, and all the ſun goes round,
Without reluctant murm'ring, I reſign;
I have enough, if I can call THEE mine.
Oh! if I love thee not, why do I thus
Love the dear manſion of thy earthly houſe?
That ſacred morning ſhines with heav'nly rays,
More bright, more charming, than ten thouſand days,
Which bids me viſit that delightful place.
There would I dwell, and paſs my life away,
Till death convey me up to brighter day;
In all the inſtitutions of thy grace,
For thee I look; and if thou hid'ſt thy face,
The ſacred rites would dull and tireſome ſeem,
Did I not hope to find my GOD in them.
When at thy throne I bow my ſuppliant knee,
Is prayer a ſtupid, cold formality?
Or can my prayers content me, without thee?

No—Theſe are but the channels of thy grace;
Tranſparent glaſſes, where I ſee thy face.
I thirſt for living waters all in vain,
If thou thy gracious influence reſtrain;
The radiant glaſſes ſhew me nothing fair,
Unleſs I ſee thy charms reflected there.
Then, peace my reſtleſs and ſuſpicious heart,
And ye dire boding jealouſies depart;
I love my GOD, or elſe I nothing love,
And the pure flame ere long ſhall burn above,
Nor ever from its native element remove.

A FATHER'S REFLECTIONS on the Birth of a SON.

Compoſed at the Birth of JOHN ROGERS DAVIES, 20th *Auguſt* 1752.

By the ſame.

THOU little wond'rous miniature of man,
Form'd by unerring Wiſdom's perfect plan;
Thou little ſtranger, from eternal night
Emerging into life's immortal light;
Thou heir of worlds unknown, thou candidate
For an important, everlaſting ſtate,
Where this young embryo ſhall its powers expand,
Enlarging, ripening ſtill, and never ſtand;

This glimm'ring ſpark of being, juſt now ſtruck
From nothing, by the All-creating Rock,
To immortality ſhall flame and burn,
When ſun and ſtars to native darkneſs turn.
Thou ſhalt the ruins of the world ſurvive,
And thro' the rounds of endleſs ages live.
Now thou art born into an anxious ſtate
Of dubious trial for thy future fate;
Now thou art liſted in the war of life,
The prize immenſe, and oh! ſevere the ſtrife.
Another birth awaits thee, when the hour
Arrives that lands thee on th' immortal ſhore;
(And oh 'tis near, with winged haſte 'twill come;
Thy cradle rocks towards the neighb'ring tomb.)
Then ſhall th' immortals ſhout, "A ſon is born;"
Whilſt thee, as dead, miſtaken mortals mourn.
From glory then to glory thou ſhalt riſe,
Or ſink from deep to deeper miſeries;
Aſcend perfection's everlaſting ſcale,
Or ſtill deſcend from gulph to gulph in hell.
Thou embryo angel, or thou infant fiend,
A being now begun, but ne'er to end,
With boding fears a father's heart torment,
Trembling, and anxious for the grand event!
Leſt thy young ſoul, ſo late by Heav'n beſtow'd,
Forget his father, and forget his GOD;
Leſt while impriſon'd in this houſe of clay
To tyrant luſts he fall a helpleſs prey,

And, leſt deſcending ſtill from bad to worſe,
His immortality ſhould prove his curſe.

Maker of ſouls! avert ſo dire a doom,
Or ſnatch him back to native nothing's gloom.

To the MEMORY

Of the Reverend Mr HERVEY.

By the Rev. Mr J. OGILVIE, M. A.

Miniſter of the Goſpel at *Midmar*, near ABERDEEN;

Author of the *Day of Judgment; Providence*, an Allegory; and ſeveral other elegant Poems.

As rapt in thought the muſing mind ſurvey'd
The vain of life, and walk'd the deepning ſhade;
O'er Care's broad empire caſt its trembling view,
And mark'd the flying traits that Fancy drew:
Her magic hand at once transform'd the ſcene,
And ſhow'd the ſpot where HERVEY ſleeps ſerene;
Stretch'd, where lone Silence haunts the ſolemn gloom;
Where Thought's keen eye explores the peaceful tomb;
Where Pleaſure's glitt'ring dreams at laſt are o'er,
And Love's ſoft muſic charms the ſoul no more.
Thrill'd as I view'd, the ſtreaming tears o'erflow,
From the big boſom burſts the ſighs of woe:

Her friend now loſt * who taught the muſe to ſing,
Check'd her wild flight, and prun'd her trembling wing;
Whoſe candid praiſe with eager hope inſpir'd,
Whoſe cenſure chaſten'd, and whoſe genius fir'd;
Abaſh'd ſhe ſtood,—her bold eſſays were vain,
Nor tun'd the harp, nor pour'd the plaintive ſtrain.
When lo! unfolding from the blaze of light,
A form all-beauteous flaſh'd upon the ſight!
The robes of Heav'n involv'd his dazzling frame,
And his eyes ſparkled with celeſtial flame:
High o'er his brow the waving radiance play'd,
An orient crown inclos'd his beamy head;
His lip with Beauty's fine vermilion glow'd,
And flow'rs ſpontaneous bloſſom'd as he trod.
'Twas GENIUS:—pauſing o'er the ſacred dead,
His bright eye languiſh'd, and the roſes fled;
His moan remurmur'd o'er the ecchoing vale,
His heav'n-wove robe hung looſen'd on the gale;
He ſnatch'd the lyre, and pour'd the melting lay
That ſtrikes the heart and charms the ſoul away:
Dull Night ſat liſt'ning on her cloud-wrapt throne,
And white-lip'd Anguiſh curb'd the burſting groan;
On Care's wild thought the tuneful accents flow,
And ſounds melodious thrill'd the ear of Woe.
" O call'd at laſt th' ALMIGHTY's praiſe to ſing!
Where oft thy genius tow'r'd with daring wing!

* Theſe, and the five ſubſequent lines, refer to ſome perſo-perſonal favours conferred upon the author.

Plac'd where no cares th' exulting wiſh controul!
Bleſt with the joys that fir'd thy kindling ſoul!
Though ſmiles no more the placid eye ſerene,
Nor rove the Graces o'er ſome pictur'd ſcene;
Though ſnatch'd from all thy boundleſs hope deſign'd,
When life's full ſummer warm'd thy ripening mind:
Yet not theſe themes the plaintive muſe detain,
Thy friend, thy country, claims the mournful ſtrain;
Since loſt each nobler plan thy ſoul had wrought,
Since ſtopt the ſtream of ſweet perſuaſive thought,
Fled the bright noon thy burſting blaze had giv'n,
And mute the voice that wrapt the ſoul to Heav'n.

Strow'd o'er thy page what beauteous traits appear!
What melting muſic ſteals the liſt'ning ear!
'Twas I whoſe pow'r the living picture caught,
'Twas I whoſe pencil ting'd the glowing draught:
Thro' Death's black gloom I trac'd thy dubious way,
That kindred gloom, where Fancy loves to ſtray!
Then led thee, circled with the laughing Hours,
Where ſport young Zephyrs o'er the waſte of flow'rs;
With richer ſtrokes the warm deſcription wrought,
And touch'd with tranſport all the ſprings of thought.
Mine was the ray on Night's dim curtain thrown,
And mine the glaſs where gay creation ſhone;
Mine the bold wing that ſhot where tempeſts riſe,
And mine the flight that reach'd the ſtarry ſkies."

He ceas'd:—for ſudden on the wond'ring gaze,
From Heav'n's broad concave burſt the rapid blaze!

At once deſcending from the realms on high,
An Angel-ſhape arreſts the dazzled eye!
Looſe o'er her limbs the floating garment roll'd,
Her ſparkling pinions flam'd with beamy gold,
Her eyes like lightning glanc'd a piercing ray!
And all th' illumin'd aether gleam'd with day!
Near as ſhe came, ſuperior, though reſign'd,
Her form majeſtic aw'd the dubious mind;
With heighten'd grace her bloomy features glow'd,
Free on her robe the mazy ringlets flow'd;
Her balmy breath ambroſial ſcents perfume,
And o'er her cheek was pour'd celeſtial bloom.
Pale Sorrow brightned as RELIGION came,
And ſlow-pac'd Time ſtood trembling at the name;
Rage dragg'd in triumph ſwell'd her ſolemn train,
And Death behind her groan'd, and clank'd his chain.
She paus'd,—and muſing o'er the fun'ral bier,
Sigh'd deeply-ſad, and pour'd a tender tear;
Then check'd its courſe; and brightning as the ſun
She look'd to Heav'n ſerene, and thus begun:
" Hail, thou eſcap'd to yonder worlds above;
Hail, join'd to ſaints that melt in ſtrains of love!
At laſt 'tis come! the bright transforming day!
Th' exulting ſpirit burſts, and ſoars away!
Looſe are its bars! and gain'd th' immortal prize,
It breathes of Heav'n ſublime, and walks the ſkies!
But late my hand yon beauteous ſcenes diſplay'd,
And led thy ſteps thro' life's perplexing ſhade;

The vivid wiſh a diſtant proſpect brought,
The rapt ſoul trembling o'er the the verge of thought!
Yet then, what tranſport taught thy hope to ſoar!
How flam'd the kindling look that glanc'd it o'er!
How Fancy's touch the glowing draught refin'd!
And light celeſtial pour'd upon the mind.
A race unborn thy genius ſhall inſpire,
And ſouls yet darken'd catch ſublime deſire.—
When to thy page, in ſome ſequeſter'd bow'r,
Calm muſing Thought devotes the ſerious hour;
Juſt when *Aſpaſio*'s ſtrain has warm'd the breaſt,
When Quiet ſoothes the ſettling ſoul to reſt;
Then ſhall my hand ſuperior pow'r impart;
Then Love's perſuaſive lay ſhall melt the heart;
Then ſhall Religion's pureſt beams be giv'n:
Now reſt in peace."—She ſaid, and ſoar'd to Heav'n.

IMITATION of THEOCRITUS.

By the late Rev. JAMES HERVEY, A. B.

Author of the juſtly celebrated *Dialogues between* Theron *and* Aſpaſio, and *Meditations among the Tombs.*

It would be an affront offered to the underſtanding, as well as to the hearts of our readers, to ſuppoſe any of them ignorant of the character of this excellent man. The Editors deem it therefore a ſufficient teſtimonal of the merit of the following piece, to inform them that it is the production of the ſame pen with the "Dialogues between *Theron* and *Aſpaſio.*"

WHEN ſnows deſcend, and robe the fields
In winter's bright array;
Touch'd by the ſun, the luſtre fades,
And weeps itſelf away:

When Spring appears, when violets blow,
And ſhed a rich perfume;
How ſoon the fragrance breathes its laſt!
How ſhort-liv'd is the bloom!

Freſh in the morn, the ſummer-roſe
Hangs withering ere 'tis noon;
We ſcarce enjoy the balmy gift,
But mourn the pleaſure gone.

With gliding fire, an evening ſtar
Streaks the autumnal ſkies;
Shook from the ſphere, it darts away,
And, in an inſtant, dies.

Such are the charms that fluſh the cheeks,
And ſparkle in the eye:
So, from the lovely finiſh'd form
The tranſient graces fly;

To this the ſeaſons, as they roll,
Their atteſtation bring:
They warn the fair; their every round
Confirms the truth I ſing.

An INSCRIPTION in an Arbour, at *D——gh* near *Edinburgh*, beneath a Buſt of Mr HERVEY.

By —— ——.

PEACE to the ſhade where HERVEY's form reclines!
Where up the ſpreading beech the ivy twines.
Ye ſwains, oft tutor'd by his ſacred theme,
Reſound his praiſes by the tinkling ſtream.
And, oh! bleſs'd ſhade, from ſainted realms on high,
Deign one kind look to this our nether ſky.
Sweet is the fragrance of the rural ſhade,
Sweet is the murmur of yon ſlow caſcade;
Yet ſweeter far thy heaven-created ſong
Than Nature's pleaſures———.
'Twas thine, thrice ſacred form! of all mankind,
To trace the lab'rinths of the human mind;
'Twas thine to know each dark meand'ring maze,
Where luring Vice, and wayward Falſehood ſtrays.
Still may thy page each lonely moment cheer,
Still may thy ſong each virtuous joy endear;
Still may thy works be read by every eye,
Till Nature ſicken, and Creation die.

GARDEN INSCRIPTION, over Dr YOUNG's *Night-Thoughts.*

By WILLIAM THOMPSON, M. A. late Fellow of Queen's-College, *Oxon.*

BENEATH an awful gloom, a night of ſhade,
By ſilent darkneſs more majeſtic made,
I place thy volume, YOUNG! with reverence place;
Thy volume worthy of a ſaint's embrace!
What goſpel truths thy heav'nly lines convey,
And ſteal us from mortality away!
Full on the ſoul thy tides of rapture flow,
Kindling we hear, and while we read, we glow!
Exalted by thy theme, we mount on high,
We ſpurn at earth, we claim our native ſky.
Now let th' unletter'd, or the letter'd man,
Deny the ſoul immortal, if he can:
A ſoul immortal in thy works we ſee;
Can duſt and aſhes think, and write, like thee?
Yes, fools! the ſoul ſhall live, for GOD is juſt;
Ye Athieſts, ye old ſerpents, lick the duſt.
Thro' depths of aether now his eagle flies,
Gains on the ſun, and traverſes the ſkies,
Where ſtars on ſtars, on planets planets roll,
Imbibes their ſplendors, and commands the pole.

Onward he bears, and, burning, ſoars away
(Nor flag his pinions) to myſterious day:
O *Newton*, far beyond thy higheſt ſphere:
Purſue, my ſoul, no further.—Heaven is here:
Oppreſs'd with glory, all my ſenſes fade,
I faint—O ſoftly lay me in his ſhade.

To Miſs M—— H——.

With Dr YOUNG's *Night-Thoughts*.

Wrote upon the blank leaf thereof.

By —— ——.

THRICE ſacred bard! thy glowing virtues claim
The foremoſt honours in the liſts of fame.
To thee great Heaven the happy taſk aſſign'd,
To ray thy ſplendors on the human mind;
Borne on the plumes of ecſtacy to ſoar,
Where fainted throngs in ſilent joy adore;
Where cherub Virtue tunes the flying ſtrings,
And raptur'd Faith unſullied off'rings brings.
Fair in the loom of ſplendid Fancy wrought,
The mind oft toils to trace the glowing thought;
Borne to celeſtial ſteeps ſhe wings away,
And Virtue drops a while her cumb'ring clay.

To thee theſe awful ſcenes I would aſſign;
Oh read thy ſoul, for every thought is thine.
Nor means the Muſe in fulſome ſtrains to try
The vile exceſs of ſordid flattery,
Alike a foe to praiſes, and to art,
Thy taſte ſhe fears not, while ſhe knows thy heart.
Oh let theſe ardours of the Heaven-rapt Muſe
The thought's bleſs'd tenor, and calm peace infuſe!
May gilded Fancy mark the tuneful ſong,
And Faith a while ſoar up to heaven with YOUNG.
May Hope attend, the daughter of the ſkies,
And Faith beyond this ſcene of folly riſe,
Till the thought's ardour ſpurns this earthly goal,
And ſilence only tells th' expreſſive ſoul.

On the Death of Dr EDWARD YOUNG, Author of the *Night-Thoughts*.

By the ſame.

How vain each ſtudy to eſcape the dart
Death points unpitying at each human heart!
Not all the ſilent eloquence of Woe,
Love's ardent pray'r, nor Friendſhip's keeneſt glow,
Not wealth, dominion, power or worth, can ſave;
Man's born the heir-apparent of the grave.

Such were the notes that heart-ſtruck Sorrow ſung,
When firſt ſhe mark'd the fall of heavenly YOUNG:
Born with a ſoul ſuperior far to riſe
Above the arts,—the little arts of Vice;
His mind, undaunted, peacefully ſurvey'd
The mournful manſions of the mighty dead;
On earth's mean joys his tow'ring thought look'd down,
Pale Death he welcom'd, and defy'd his frown.
Bright Genius dwelt upon his heav'nly tongue,
And Virtue liſten'd to her fav'rite's ſong.
Mute Anguiſh heard, ſuppreſt each heart-felt groan,
And Night ſat liſt'ning on her ebon throne;
On Rapture's lips the tuneful accents flow,
And Peace low whiſpering, ſooth'd the ear of Woe.
Stripp'd of their glories, Pleaſure's vot'ries fled,
And Guilt, low-cow'ring, ſtoop'd her paſſive head.
But late thy ſoul theſe bliſsful ſcenes explores,
Where Fancy's diſtanc'd, but Religion ſoars.
Warm'd with the theme, thy inmate burſts away,
And wings its courſe to heaven's eternal day.

An INSCRIPTION upon a Rural Seat at *D——gh*, near *Edinburgh*.

By the ſame.

LUGETE NYMPHAE, LUGETE PIERIDES!
POETA
OMNIUM DECUS
EHEU!
EDWARD: YOUNG,
EX HAC RERUM SCENA,
KALEND. MARTIIS,
EXIIT.

WHILE *Britons* o'er their Poet's exit mourn,
And deck with funeral wreaths his ſacred urn;
No breathing buſt, no trophied tomb I raiſe,
Worth needs no empty pageantry of Praiſe:
Here on this bough, I hang the Cypreſs wreath,
And learn in ſilence, to lament his death.

On the DEATH of Miss B—— G——,

A young LADY, who died at *Edinburgh*, of the Small-pox, *May* 24. 1765.

By the ſame.

'TIS falſe—not all the gay parade of power,
Not Youth wild want'ning in the roſeate bower,
Not Beauty's glance, nor Grandeur's ſplendid wreath,
Can ſooth the fury of inſulting death.
Ye weeping pair *, to whom are given to know
The ſighs of anguiſh, and the throbs of woe,
How ſhall the ſtripling Muſe to you impart
The healing med'cines of an wounded heart?
She mourns alike ELIZA's faded eye,
And while you weep, ſhe anſwers ſigh for ſigh;
She, trembling, tries to ſtrike the mournful ſtrings,
But grief recoiling, blots whate'er ſhe ſings.
Ah beauteous ſhade! where'er thou tread'ſt unſeen,
Floats in the breeze, or travels o'er the green;
Here to this earth extend thy pitying eye,
And guard the ſons of frail humanity;

* Her parents.

Fled to thy native ſkies, yet fled ſo ſoon,
A wither'd flower in beauty's faireſt noon;
Fled as the cloud that flames upon the eye,
We ſaw thee riſe exulting, tower and die.

LINES wrote on arriving at the COUNTRY.

By the ſame.

FROM ſcenes of bus'neſs, emptineſs, and care,
At laſt, meek grove, thy bliſsful ſcenes I ſhare;
Sequeſter'd far from every mortal eye,
To your embowering grateful ſhades I fly.
Ye breezes haſte, and to theſe paſtures bring
The ſweets ſpontaneous of the young-ey'd Spring.
Let peaceful Thought each riſing guſt controul,
And meek Devotion wing to heaven my ſoul;
See preſcient Wiſdom from that dark abode,
And trace young Nature up to Nature's GOD.
Come, conſcious Peace! each grand idea raiſe,
And warm my heart for gifts too big for praiſe.
From ſky-born phantoms to celeſtial ſoar,
And learn in thoughtful ſilence to adore:
Live here unknown, unſought, unheeded die,
Then drink full draughts of happineſs on high.

EMPLOYMENT in SOLITUDE.

By the ſame.

FREE from the cares which every ſoul perplex,
No doubts to rack me, and no cares to vex,
To fame a ſtranger, and from wealth remote,
A foe to pleaſure, and a friend to thought;
Far from the vain, unthinking, heedleſs throng,
Thro' life's ſtill vale I ſilent ſteal along.
When morning ſteeps the gliſt'ring green in dew,
And the pale cloud juſt ſhoots its ſkirts in blue,
I traverſe o'er the many-winding maze,
And hymn in Nature's works her Author's praiſe.
When Summer ſtrows afar the crimſon'd flower,
And the earth begs in vain the ſoft'ring ſhow'r,
Wrapt in the gloom of yonder hawthorn ſhade,
The ſun's bright rays in darkneſs I evade.
When Eve ſlow lingers o'er the lonely plain,
And the faint eye juſt kens the miſty main,
On Contemplation's ſacred wing I ſoar,
Where Fancy droops, and Reaſon towers no more;
Where ſits enthron'd, in awful ſtate ſublime,
The GOD of nature and the GOD of time.
Here rapt to future times, I thoughtful trace
A Saviour's mercy, and a Sovereign's grace,
Till thankful Praiſe attune my glowing breaſt,
And Silence ſpeaks where language is ſuppreſt.

INSCRIPTION for a Grove in FIFESHIRE.

By the ſame.

O Let me haunt this lonely ſhade,
And crop the dew-ſteep'd flower!
Let giddy Riot ne'er invade
This peaceful halcyon bower.
For all along this virid dell,
In copſes viewleſs to the eye,
The ſportive Fairies love to dwell,
And ſkim along the upland ſky.
When *Cynthia* far reflects her beams,
And Night ſits on the cryſtal wave,
They revel o'er the ſilver ſtreams,
And call loud Rapture from her cave.

Advance not here, rude ſtep profane,
No breaſt that teems with hateful ſtrife;
For Strife can ne'er enjoy this ſcene,
Nor taſte tranquillity in life.
Kind Zephyr, waft your ſweeteſt wind,
Bruſh odours from each crimſon flower,
Beneath this copſe-grown oak reclin'd,
You'll find me ſpend the joyful hour.

RETIREMENT.

By JAMES BEATTIE, A. M.

Author of the *Judgment of Paris*, a Poem in quarto, juſt now publiſhed.

SHOOK from the Evening's fragrant wings,
When dews impearl the grove,
And round the liſtening valley rings
The languid voice of Love;
Laid on a daiſy-ſprinkled green,
Beſide a plaintive ſtream,
A meek-ey'd youth of ſerious mein
Indulged this ſolemn theme.
" Ye cliffs, in ſavage grandeur pil'd
High o'er the darkening dale!
Ye groves! along whoſe windings wild
Soft ſteals the murmuring gale;
Where oft lone Melancholy ſtrays,
By wilder'd Fancy led,
What time the wan moon's yellow rays
Stream through the chequer'd ſhade:
To you, ye waſtes, whoſe artleſs charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
'Scap'd the tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.

Deep in your moſt ſequeſter'd bower
Let me at laſt recline,
Where Solitude, meek modeſt Power,
Leans on her ivy'd ſhrine.
How ſhall I woo thee, matchleſs fair!
Thy envy'd ſmile how win!
Thy ſmile, that ſmoothes the brow of Care,
And ſtills each ſtorm within!
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bleſs his hours, and bid them move
Serene on ſilent wing.
There while to thee glad Nature pours
Her gently-warbling ſong,
And Zephyr, from the waſte of flowers,
Wafts ſweet perfumes along;
Let no rude ſound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
Flaſh on thy ſtartled eye.
For me, no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb life's panting heights,
By guileful Hope miſled:
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Joy's enlivening lays——
Soon are the glittering moments o'er,
Soon each gay form decays."

ANACREON,

ODE TWENTY-SECOND.

By the ſame.

BATHYLLUS, in yonder lone grove
All careleſsly let us recline:
To ſhade us the branches above
Their leaf-waving tendrils combine;
While a ſtreamlet inviting repoſe
Soft-murmuring wanders away,
And gales warble wild through the boughs:
Who there would not paſs the ſweet day?

SONG,

In Imitation of SHAKESPEARE'S

Blow, Blow, thou winter wind, &c.

By the ſame.

BLOW, blow, thou vernal gale!
Thy balm will not avail
To eaſe my aching breaſt;

Though thou the billows ſmoothe,
Thy murmurs cannot ſoothe
My weary ſoul to reſt.

Flow, flow, thou tuneful ſtream!
Infuſe the eaſy dream
Into the peaceful ſoul;
But thou canſt not compoſe
The tumult of my woes,
Though ſoft thy waters roll.

Bluſh, bluſh, ye faireſt flowers!
Beauties ſurpaſſing yours
My ROSALIND adorn;
Nor is the winter's blaſt,
That lays your glories waſte,
So killing as her ſcorn.

Breathe, breathe, ye tender lays!
That linger down the maze
Of yonder winding grove;
O let your ſoft controul
Bend her relenting ſoul
To pity and to love.

Fade, fade, ye flowrets fair!
Gales, fan no more the air!
Ye ſtreams forget to glide!
Be huſh'd, each vernal ſtrain!
Since nought can ſoothe my pain,
Nor mitigate her pride.

SONNET,

To Lady MARY COKE,

By the Honourable H—— W——E, Eſq;

Prefixed to the ſecond edition of *The Caſtle of Otranto*, a *Gothic* ſtory.

THE gentle maid, whoſe hapleſs tale
These melancholy pages ſpeak;
Say, gracious Lady, ſhall ſhe fail
To draw the tear adown thy cheek?

No; never was thy pitying breaſt
Inſenſible to human woes:
Tender, though firm, it melts diſtreſt
For weakneſſes it never knows.

Oh! guard the marvels I relate
Of fell ambition ſcourg'd by fate,
From Reaſon's peeviſh blame:
Bleſs'd with thy ſmile, my dauntleſs ſail
I dare expand to Fancy's gale:
For ſure thy ſmiles are fame.

The TRAVELLER;

OR, A

PROSPECT of SOCIETY.

INSCRIBED TO THE

Reverend Mr HENRY GOLDSMITH.

BY

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

It is proper here to premiſe, that this poem, publiſhed a few months ago in quarto, by Mr *Newbery* at *London*, was moſtly wrote when the author was in *Switzerland;* with an intent to ſhew, that the happineſs of moſt countries is nearly equal; that each ſtate has ſome one peculiar principle of happineſs, which may be carried in every country (and in our own in particular) to a miſchievous exceſs.—Notwithſtanding *The* TRAVELLER "has neither abuſe, party, nor blank verſe to ſupport it," it exhibits all that harmony of numbers, or admirable connection can give to render this doctrine pleaſing; and whether we conſider the ingenious author as a Philoſopher, or a Poet, we ſhall find him excellent in either capacity.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, ſlow,
Or by the lazy *Scheld*, or wandering *Po;*
Or onward, where the rude *Carinthian* boor
Againſt the houſeleſs ſtranger ſhuts the door;

Or where *Campania*'s plain forſaken lies,
A weary waſte expanded to the ſkies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realm to ſee,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaſeleſs pain,
Or drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Eternal bleſſings crown my earlieſt friend,
And round his dwelling, guardian ſaints attend;
Bleſt be that ſpot, where chearful gueſts retire
To pauſe from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bleſt that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every ſtranger finds a ready chair;
Bleſt be thoſe feaſts where mirth and peace abound,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jeſts or pranks that never fail,
Or ſigh with pity at ſome mournful tale,
Or preſs the baſhful ſtranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.
But me, not deſtin'd ſuch delights to ſhare,
My prime of life in wand'ring ſpent and care!
Impell'd, with ſteps unceaſing, to purſue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and ſkies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverſe realms alone,
And find no ſpot of all the world my own.
Even now, where *Alpine* ſolitudes aſcend,
I ſit me down a penſive hour to ſpend;

And, plac'd on high above the ſtorm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, foreſts, cities, plains extended wide,
The pomp of kings, the ſhepherd's humbler pride.
When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidſt the ſtore, ſhould thankleſs pride repine?
Say ſhould the philoſophic mind diſdain
That good, which makes each humbler boſom vain?
Let ſchool-taught pride diſſemble all it can,
Theſe little things are great to little man;
And wiſer he, whoſe ſympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and ſplendor crown'd,
Ye fields, where ſummer ſpreads profuſion round,
Ye lakes, whoſe veſſels catch the buſy gale,
Ye bending ſwains, that dreſs the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary ſtores combine;
Creation's tenant, all the world is mine.
As ſome lone miſer viſiting his ſtore,
Bends at his treaſure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his riſing raptures fill,
Yet ſtill he ſighs, for hoards are wanting ſtill:
Thus to my breaſt alternate paſſions riſe,
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man ſupplies:
Yet oft a ſigh prevails, and ſorrows fall,
To ſee the ſum of human bliſs ſo ſmall;
And oft I wiſh, amidſt the ſcene, to find
Some ſpot to real happineſs conſign'd,

Where my worn ſoul, each wand'ring hope at reſt,
May gather bliſs to ſee my fellows bleſt.
Yet, where to find that happieſt ſpot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The ſhudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happieſt ſpot his own,
Extols the treaſures of his ſtormy ſeas,
And his long night of revelry and eaſe:
The naked ſavage, panting at the line,
Boaſts of his golden ſands and palmy wine,
Baſks in the glare, or ſtems the tepid wave,
And thanks his Gods for all the good they gave.
Nor leſs the patriot's boaſt, where'er we roam,
His firſt, beſt country ever is, at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And eſtimate the bleſſings which they ſhare;
Tho' patriots flatter, ſtill ſhall wiſdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
As different good, by Art or Nature given
To different nations, makes their bleſſings even.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliſs at Labour's earneſt call;
With food as well the peaſant is ſupply'd
On *Idra*'s cliff as *Arno*'s ſhelvy ſide;
And though the rocky creſted ſummits frown,
Theſe rocks, by cuſtom, turn to beds of down.
From Art more various are the bleſſings ſent;
Wealth, ſplendors, honour, liberty, content:

Yet theſe each other's power ſo ſtrong conteſt,
That either ſeems deſtructive of the reſt.
Hence every ſtate, to one lov'd bleſſing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favourite happineſs attends,
And ſpurns the plan that aims at other ends;
'Till carried to exceſs in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try theſe truths with cloſer eyes,
And trace them through the proſpect as it lies:
Here for a while, my proper cares reſign'd,
Here let me ſit in ſorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected ſhrub at random caſt,
That ſhades the ſteep, and ſighs at every blaſt.

Far to the right, where *Appenine* aſcends,
Bright as the ſummer, ITALY extends;
Her uplands ſloping deck the mountain's ſide,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft ſome temple's mould'ring top between,
With venerable grandeur marks the ſcene.

Could Nature's bounty ſatisfy the breaſt,
The ſons of *Italy* were ſurely bleſt.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly riſe, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whoſe bright ſucceſſion decks the varied year;
Whatever ſweets ſalute the northern ſky,
With vernal lives that bloſſom but to die;

Theſe here diſporting own the kindred ſoil,
Nor aſk luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While ſea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the ſmiling land.
But ſmall the bliſs that ſenſe alone beſtows,
And ſenſual bliſs is all this nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Men ſeem the only growth that dwindles here.
Contraſted faults through all their manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though ſubmiſſive, vain;
Though grave, yet triſling; zealous, yet untrue,
And even in penance planning ſins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed, leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, nor far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flouriſh'd thro' the ſtate:
At her command the palace learn'd to riſe,
Again the long-fall'n column ſought the ſkies;
The canvaſs glow'd beyond even Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
But, more unſteady than the ſouthern gale,
Soon Commerce turn'd on other ſhores her ſail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unman'd, and lords without a ſlave.
Yet, ſtill the loſs of wealth is here ſupplied
By arts, the ſplendid wrecks of former pride:
From theſe the feeble heart and long fall'n mind
An eaſy compenſation ſeem to find.

Here may be ſeen, in bloodleſs pomp array'd,
The paſte-board triumph and the cavalcade;
Proceſſions form'd for piety and love,
A miſtreſs or a ſaint in every grove.
By ſports like theſe are all their cares beguil'd,
The ſports of children ſatisfy the child;
At ſports like theſe, while foreign arms advance,
In paſſive eaſe they leave the world to chance.

When noble aims have ſuffer'd long controul,
They ſink at laſt, or feebly man the ſoul;
While low delights, ſucceeding faſt behind,
In happier meanneſs occupy the mind:
As in thoſe domes, where *Caeſars* once bore ſway,
Defac'd by time, and tottering in decay,
Amidſt the ruin, heedleſs of the dead,
The ſhelter-ſeeking peaſant builds his ſhed;
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a ſmile.

My ſoul turn from them, turn we to ſurvey
Where rougher climes a nobler race diſplay,
Where the bleak Swiss their ſtormy manſions tread,
And force a churliſh ſoil for ſcanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and ſteel, the ſoldier and his ſword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of *May*;
No Zephyr fondly ſoothes the mountain's breaſt,
But meteors glare, and ſtormy glooms inveſt.

Yet ſtill, even here, content can ſpread a charm,
Redreſs the clime, and all its rage diſarm.
Though poor the peaſant's hut, his feaſts though ſmall,
He ſees his little lot, the lot of all:
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To ſhame the meanneſs of his humble ſhed;
No coſtly lord the ſumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wiſh contracting, fits him to the ſoil.
Chearful at morn he wakes from ſhort repoſe,
Breaſts the keen air, and carrols as he goes:
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his ven'trous plow-ſhare to the ſteep;
Or ſeeks the den where ſnow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the ſtruggling ſavage into day.
At night returning, every labour ſped,
He ſits him down the monarch of a ſhed;
Smiles by his chearful fire, and round ſurveys
His childrens looks, that brighten at the blaze:
While his lov'd partner, boaſtful of her hoard,
Diſplays the cleanly platter on the board;
And haply too ſome pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot paſſion on his heart;
And even thoſe ills, that round his manſion riſe,
Enhance the bliſs his ſcanty fund ſupplies.

Dear is that ſhed to which his ſoul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the ſtorms;
And as a babe, when ſcaring ſounds moleſt,
Clings cloſe and cloſer to the mother's breaſt;
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Theſe are the charms to barren ſtates aſſign'd;
Their wants are few, their wiſhes all confin'd.
Yet let them only ſhare the praiſes due,
If few their wants, their pleaſures are but few;
Since every want, that ſtimulates the breaſt,
Becomes a ſource of pleaſure when redreſt.
Hence from ſuch lands each pleaſing ſcience flies,
That firſt excites deſire, and then ſupplies;
Unknown to them, when ſenſual pleaſures cloy,
To fill the languid pauſe with finer joy;
Unknown thoſe powers that raiſe the ſoul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a ſmould'ring fire,
Nor quench'd by want, nor fan'd by ſtrong deſire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On ſome high feſtival of once a year,
In wild exceſs the vulgar breaſt takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliſs expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarſely flow:
Their morals, like their pleaſures, are but low.
For, as refinement ſtops, from ſire to ſon
Unaiter'd, unimprov'd their manners run,

And love's and friendſhip's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some ſterner virtues o'er the mountain's breaſt
May ſit, like falcons cow'ring on the neſt;
But all the gentler morals, ſuch as play
Thro' life's more cultur'd walks, and charm our way,
Theſe far diſpers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To ſport and flutter in a kinder ſky.
To kinder ſkies, where gentler manners reign,
We turn; and FRANCE diſpays her bright domain.
Gay ſprightly land of mirth and ſocial eaſe,
Pleas'd with thyſelf, whom all the world can pleaſe,
How often have I led thy ſportive choir,
With tuneleſs pipe, beſide the murmuring *Loire?*
Where ſhading elms along the margin grew,
And freſhen'd from the wave the Zephyr flew;
And haply, tho' my harſh touch faltering ſtill,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's ſkill;
Yet would the village praiſe my wond'rous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandſire, ſkill'd in geſtic lore,
Has friſk'd beneath the burden of threeſcore.
So bleſt a life theſe thoughtleſs realms diſplay,
Thus idly buſy rolls their world away:
Theirs are thoſe arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the ſocial temper here.

Honour, that praiſe which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here paſſes current; paid from hand to hand,
It ſhifts in ſplendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it ſtrays,
And all are taught an avarice of praiſe;
They pleaſe, are pleas'd, they give, to get eſteem,
Till, ſeeming bleſt, they grow to what they ſeem.
But while this ſofter art their bliſs ſupplies,
It gives their follies alſo room to riſe;
For praiſe too dearly lov'd, or warmly ſought,
Enfeebles all internal ſtrength of thought,
And the weak ſoul, within itſelf unbleſt,
Leans for all pleaſure on another's breaſt.
Hence oſtentation here, with taudry art,
Pants for the vulgar praiſe which fools impart;
Here vanity aſſumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boaſt one ſplendid banquet once a year;
The mind ſtill turns where ſhifting faſhion draws,
Nor weighs the ſolid worth of ſelf-applauſe.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Emboſom'd in the deep where HOLLAND lies.
Methinks her patient ſons before me ſtand,
Where the broad ocean leans againſt the land,
And, ſedulous to ſtop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.

Onward methinks, and diligently ſlow
The firm connected bulwark ſeems to go;
Spreads its long arms amidſt the watry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and uſurps the ſhore.
While the pent ocean riſing o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him ſmile;
The ſlow canal, the yellow bloſſom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding ſail,
The crouded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation reſcu'd from his reign.
Thus, while around the wave-ſubjected ſoil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Induſtrious habits in each boſom reign,
And induſtry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that ſprings,
With all thoſe ills ſuperfluous treaſure brings,
Are here diſplay'd. Their much lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them cloſer, craft and fraud appear,
Even Liberty itſelf is barter'd here.
At gold's ſuperior charms all freedom flies,
The needy ſell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of ſlaves,
Here wretches ſeek diſhonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to ſervitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that ſleep beneath the ſtorm.
Heavens! how unlike their *Belgic* ſires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;

War in each breaſt, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the ſons of *Britain* now!

Fir'd at the ſound my genius ſpreads her wing,
And flies where *Britain* courts the weſtern ſpring;
Where lawns extend that ſcorn *Arcadian* pride,
And brighter ſtreams than fam'd *Hydaſpis* glide.
There all around the gentleſt breezes ſtray,
There gentle muſic melts on every ſpray;
Creation's mildeſt charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the maſter's mind;
Stern o'er each boſom reaſon holds her ſtate,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I ſee the lords of human kind paſs by,
Intent on high deſigns, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfaſhion'd, freſh from Nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardineſs of ſoul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul;
While even the peaſant boaſts theſe rights to ſcan,
And learns to venerate himſelf as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the bleſſings pictur'd here,
Thine are thoſe charms that dazzle and endear;
Too bleſt indeed, were ſuch without alloy,
But foſter'd even by Freedom ills annoy:
That independence, *Britons* prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the ſocial tie;
The ſelf-dependent lordlings ſtand alone,
All kindred claims that ſoften life unknown;

Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments ariſe, impriſon'd factions roar,
Repreſt ambition ſtruggles round her ſhore,
Whilſt over-wrought, the general ſyſtem feels
Its motions ſtopt, or phrenzy fires the wheels.
Nor this the worſt. As ſocial bonds decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to ſway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather ſtrength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to theſe alone,
And talent ſinks, and merit weeps unknown:
Till time may come, when ſtript of all her charms,
That land of ſcholars, and that nurſe of arms;
Where noble ſtems tranſmit the patriot claim,
And monarchs toil, and poets pant for fame;
One ſink of level avarice ſhall lie,
And ſcholars, ſoldiers, kings unhonour'd die.
Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I ſtate,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great.
Ye powers of truth that bid my ſoul aſpire,
Far from my boſom drive the low deſire;
And thou; fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry ſteel;
Thou tranſitory flower, alike undone
By cold contempt, or favour's foſtering ſun;
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repreſs them to ſecure:

For juſt experience tells in every ſoil,
That thoſe who think muſt govern thoſe that toil,
And all that freedom's higheſt aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
Much on the low, the reſt, as rank ſupplies,
Should in columnar diminution riſe;
While, ſhould one order diſproportion'd grow,
Its double weight muſt ruin all below.
O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aſpires!
Calm is my ſoul, nor apt to riſe in arms,
Except when faſt approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to ſtretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themſelves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal ſtatutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where ſavage nations roam,
Pillag'd from ſlaves to purchaſe ſlaves at home;
Fear, pity, juſtice, indignation ſtart,
Tear off reſerve, and bare my ſwelling heart;
'Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
Yes, Brother, curſe with me that baleful hour,
When firſt ambition ſtruck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in its ſource,
Gave wealth to ſway the mind with double force.

Have we not ſeen, round *Britain*'s peopled ſhore,
Her uſeful ſons exchang'd for uſeleſs ore?
Seen all her triumphs but deſtruction haſte,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waſte;
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead ſtern Depopulation in her train,
And over fields, where ſcatter'd hamlets roſe,
In barren ſolitary pomp repoſe?
Have we not ſeen, at Pleaſure's lordly call,
The ſmiling long-frequented village fall;
Beheld the duteous ſon, the ſire decay'd,
The modeſt matron, and the bluſhing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverſe climes beyond the weſtern main;
Where wild *Oſwego* ſpreads her ſwamps around,
And *Niagara* ſtuns with thund'ring ſound?

Even now, perhaps, as there ſome pilgrim ſtrays
Through tangled foreſts, and thro' dangerous ways;
Where beaſts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown *Indian* takes a deadly aim;
There, while above the giddy tempeſt flies,
And all around diſtreſsful yells ariſe,
The penſive exile, bending with his woe,
To ſtop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Caſts a fond look where *England*'s glories ſhine,
And bids his boſom ſympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary ſearch to find
That bliſs which only centers in the mind;

Why have I ſtray'd, from pleaſure and repoſe,
To ſeek a good each government beſtows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws reſtrain,
How ſmall of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cauſe or cure.
Still to ourſelves in every place conſign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With ſecret courſe, which no loud ſtorms annoy,
Glides the ſmooth current of domeſtic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and *Damien*'s bed of ſteel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reaſon, faith and conſcience all our own.

O D E

Sung by the BRITISH Bards, in the Dramatic Poem, entituled, *The Inſtitution of the Order of the Garter.*

By GILBERT WEST, Eſq; L. L. D.

CELESTIAL maid!
Bright ſpark of that aetherial flame,
Whoſe vivid ſpirit thro' all nature ſpread,
Suſtains and actuates this boundleſs frame!

O by whatever ſtile to mortals known,
Virtue, benevolence, or public zeal,
Divine aſſeſſor of the regal throne,
Divine protectreſs of the common weal,
O in our hearts thy energy infuſe!
Be thou our Muſe,
Celeſtial maid,
And, as of old, impart thy heav'nly aid
To thoſe, who warm'd by thy benignant fire,
To public merit and their country's good
Devoted ever their recording lyre,
Wont along DEVA's ſacred flood,
Or beneath *Mona*'s oak retir'd,
To warble forth their patriot lays,
And nouriſh with immortal praiſe
The bright heroic flames by thee inſpir'd.
I feel, I feel
Thy ſoul-invigorating heat;
My bounding veins diſtend with fervent zeal,
And to *Britannia*'s fame reſponſive beat.——
Hail, *Albion*, native country! but how chang'd
Thy once grim aſpect, how adorn'd and gay
Thy howling foreſts! where together rang'd
The naked hunter and his ſavage prey:
Where amid black inhoſpitable woods
The ſedge-grown floods
All cheerleſs ſtray'd.

Nor in their lonely wand'ring courſe ſurvey'd
Or tower, or caſtle, heav'n-aſcending fane,
Or lowly village, reſidence of peace
And joyous induſtry, or furrow'd plain,
Or lowing herd, or ſilver fleece
That whitens now each verdant vale;
While laden with their precious ſtore
Far trading barks to every ſhore,
Swift heralds of *Britannia*'s glory, ſail.

Theſe are thy ſhining works: this ſmiling face
Of beauteous nature, thus in regal ſtate,
Deck'd by each handmaid art, each poliſh'd grace,
That on fair liberty and order wait;
This pomp, theſe riches, this repoſe,
To thee imperial *Britain* owes.
To thee, great ſubſtitute of Heav'n,
To whom the charge of earthly realms was giv'n;
Their ſocial ſyſtems by wiſe nature's plan
To form and rule by her eternal laws;
To teach the ſelfiſh ſoul of wayward man
To ſeek the public good, and aid the common cauſe.
So didſt thou move the mighty heart
Of *Alfred*, founder of the *Britiſh* ſtate:
So to *Matilda*'s ſcepter'd ſon,
To him whoſe virtue and renown
Firſt made the name of *Edward* great,
Thy ample ſpirit ſo didſt thou impart:

Protecting thus in every age,
From greedy pow'r and factious rage,
The law of freedom, which to *Britain*'s ſhore
From *Saxon Elva*'s many-headed flood,
The valiant ſons of *Odin* with them bore,
Their national, ador'd, inſeparable good.

* On yonder plain,
Along whoſe willow-fringed ſide
The ſilver-footed Naiads, ſportive train,
Down the ſmooth *Thames* amid the cygnets glide,
I ſaw, when at thy reconciling word,
Injuſtice, anarchy, inteſtine jar,
Deſpotic inſolence, the waſting ſword,
And all the brazen throats of civil war,
Were huſh'd in peace; from his imperious throne
Hurl'd furious down,
Abaſh'd, diſmay'd,
Like a chas'd lion to the ſavage ſhade
Of his own foreſts, fell Oppreſſion fled,
With vengeance brooding in his ſullen breaſt.
Then Juſtice fearleſs rear'd her decent head,
Heal'd every grief, each wrong redreſs'd;
While round her valiant ſquadrons ſtood,
And bade her aweful tongue demand,
From vanquiſh'd *John*'s reluctant hand,
The deed of freedom purchas'd with their blood.

* *Runny Mead* near *Stains*, where the Grand Charter was ſigned by King *John*.

O vain ſurmiſe!
To deem the grandeur of a crown
Conſiſts in lawleſs pow'r! to deem them wiſe
Who change ſecurity, and fair renown,
For deteſtation, ſhame, diſtruſt, and fear!
Who, ſhut for ever from the bliſsful bow'rs,
With horror and remorſe at diſtance hear
The muſic that inchants th' immortal pow'rs,
The heav'nly muſic of well-purchas'd praiſe,
Seraphic lays,
The ſweet reward
On heroes, patriots, righteous kings conferr'd.
For ſuch alone the heav'n-taught poets ſing.
Tune ye for *Edward*, then, the mortal ſtrain,
His name ſhall well become your golden ſtring,
Begirt with this aetherial train,
Seems he not rank'd among the gods?
Then let him reap the glorious meed
Due to each great heroic deed,
And taſte the pleaſures of the bleſt abodes.

Hail, happy prince! on whom kind Fate beſtows
Sublimer joys, and glory brighter far
Than *Creſſy*'s palm, and every wreath that grows
In all the blood-ſtain'd field of proſp'rous war;
Joys that might charm an heav'nly breaſt,
To make dependent millions bleſt,
A dying nation to reſtore,
And ſave fall'n liberty with kingly pow'r;

To quench the torch of diſcord and debate,
Relume the languid ſpark of public zeal,
Repair the breaches of a ſhatter'd ſtate,
And glorioufly compleat the plan of *England*'s weal;
Compleat the noble *Gothic* pile,
That on the rock of juſtice rear'd ſhall ſtand
In ſymmetry, and ſtrength, and fame,
A rival of that boaſted frame
Which virtue rais'd on *Tiber*'s ſtrand.
This, *Edward*, guardian, father of our iſle,
This god-like taſk, to few aſſign'd,
Exalts thee above human-kind,
And from the realms of everlaſting day
Calls down celeſtial bards thy praiſe to ſing;
Calls this bright troop of ſpirits to ſurvey
Thee, the great miracle of earth, a PATRIOT king.

INSCRIPTION in a SUMMER-HOUSE

Belonging to the late GILBERT WEST, Eſq; at *Wickham* in *Kent*.

HAEC mihi nec procul urbe ſita eſt, nec prorſus ad urbem,
Ne patiar turbas, utque bonis potiar;
Et quoties mutare locum faſtigia cogunt,
Tranſeo, et alternis rure vel urbe fruar.

Tranſlated by Mr WEST.

NOT wrapt in ſmocky *London*'s ſulphurous clouds,
And not far diſtant ſtands my rural cot:
Neither obnoxious to intruding crouds,
Nor for the good and friendly too remote.
And when too much repoſe brings on the ſpleen,
Nor the gay city's idle pleaſures cloy;
Swift as my changing wiſh I ſhift the ſcene,
And now the country, now the town enjoy.

A FATHER'S ADVICE to his SON:

An Elegy, in imitation of the old Song to *Winifreda*.

Written in the year 1758.

By JOHN GILBERT COOPER, *jun.* Eſq;

DEEP in a grove by cypreſs ſhaded,
Where mid-day ſun had ſeldom ſhone,
Or noiſe the ſolemn ſcene invaded,
Save ſome afflicted Muſe's moan,
A ſwain, tow'rds full-ag'd manhood wending,
Sate ſorrowing at the cloſe of day,
At whoſe fond ſide a boy attending,
Liſp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wreſted,
But on the ſmiling prattler hung,
Till, what his throbbing heart ſuggeſted,
Theſe accents trembled from his tongue.
" My youth's firſt hope, my manhood's treaſure,
My prattling innocent, attend;
Nor fear rebuke, or ſour diſpleaſure,
A father's lovelieſt name is Friend.
Some truths, from long experience flowing,
Worth more than royal grants, receive;
For truths are wealth of Heaven's beſtowing,
Which kings have ſeldom power to give.
Since, from an antient race deſcended,
You boaſt an unattainted blood,
By yours be their fair fame attended,
And claim by birth-right—to be good.
In love for every fellow-creature,
Superior riſe above the croud:
What moſt ennobles human nature
Was ne'er the portion of the proud.
Be thine the generous heart that borrows
From others joys a friendly glow,
And for each hapleſs neighbour's ſorrows
Throbs with a ſympathetic woe.
This is the temper moſt endearing;
Tho' wide proud pomp her banner ſpreads,
An heavenlier power good-nature bearing,
Each heart in willing thraldom leads.

Taſte not from Fame's uncertain fountain
The peace-deſtroying ſtreams that flow,
Nor from Ambition's dangerous mountain
Look down upon the world below.
The princely pine on hills exalted,
Whoſe lofty branches cleave the ſky,
By winds, long brav'd, at laſt aſſaulted,
Is headlong whirl'd in duſt to lie;
While the mild roſe more ſafely growing,
Low in its unaſpiring vale,
Amidſt retirement's ſhelter blowing,
Exchanges ſweets with every gale.
Wiſh not for Beauty's darling features,
Moulded by Nature's fondling power;
For faireſt forms, 'mong human creatures,
Shine but the pageants of an hour.
I ſaw the pride of all the meadow,
At noon, a gay narciſſus blow
Upon a river's bank, whoſe ſhadow
Bloom'd in the ſilver waves below:
By noon-tide's heat its youth was waſted;
The waters, as they paſs'd, complain'd;
At eve its glories all were blaſted,
And not one former tint remain'd.
Nor let vain Wit's deceitful glory
Lead you from Wiſdom's path aſtray:
What genius lives renown'd in ſtory,
To happineſs who found the way?

In yonder mead behold that vapour,
Whoſe vivid beams illuſive play;
Far off it ſeems a friendly taper,
To guide the traveller on his way:
But ſhould ſome hapleſs wretch purſuing,
Tread where the treacherous meteors glow,
He'd find, too late, his raſhneſs rueing,
That fatal quickſands lurk below.
In life ſuch bubbles nought admiring,
Gilt with falſe light, and fill'd with air,
Do you, from pageant crouds retiring,
To Peace in Virtue's cot repair.
There ſeek the never-waſted treaſure,
Which mutual love and friendſhip give,
Domeſtic comfort, ſpotleſs pleaſure,
And bleſs'd and bleſſing you will live.
If Heaven with children crowns your dwelling,
As mine its bounty does with you,
In fondneſs fatherly excelling,
Th' example you have felt purſue."
He paus'd—for tenderly careſſing
The darling of his wounded heart,
Looks had means only of expreſſing
Thoughts language never could impart.
Now night her mournful mantle ſpreading,
Had rob'd with black th' horizon round,
And dank dews, from her treſſes ſhedding,
With genial moiſture bath'd the ground;

When back to city follies flying,
'Midſt cuſtom's ſlaves he liv'd reſign'd,
His face, array'd in ſmiles, denying
The true complexion of his mind;
For ſeriouſly around ſurveying
Each character, in youth and age,
Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,
That play'd upon this human ſtage,
(Peaceful himſelf and undeſigning)
He loath'd the ſcenes of guile and ſtrife,
And felt each ſecret wiſh inclining
To leave this fretful farce of life.
Yet to whate'er above was fated,
Obediently he bow'd his ſoul,
For, what all bounteous Heaven created,
He thought Heaven only ſhould controul.

ODE,

Written in the Beginning of the Year MDCCXLVI.

By Mr WILLIAM COLLINS.

How ſleep the brave, who ſink to reſt,
By all their country's wiſhes bleſt!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there ſhall dreſs a ſweeter ſod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unſeen their dirge is ſung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bleſs the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom ſhall a-while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

EPITAPH

ON

GENERAL WOLFE,

JAMES,

SON OF COLONEL EDWARD WOLFE AND

HENRIETTA HIS WIFE,

WAS BORN IN THIS PARISH, JANUARY 2, 1727.

AND DIED IN AMERICA, SEP. 13, 1757.

CONQUEROR OF QUEBEC.

WHILE GEORGE, in ſorrow, bows his laurell'd head,
And bids the artiſt grace the ſoldier dead;
We raiſe no ſculptur'd trophy to thy name,
Brave youth! the faireſt in the liſts of fame:
Proud of thy birth, we boaſt th' auſpicious year;
Struck with thy fall, we ſhed the general tear;
With humble grief inſcribe one artleſs ſtone,
And from thy matchleſs honours date our own.

EPITAPH

ON

King THEODORE Baron NEUHOFF,

In St. ANN's Church-yard, WESTMINSTER.

NEAR THIS PLACE IS INTERR'D
THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA,
WHO DIED IN THIS PARISH, DEC. 11, 1756.
IMMEDIATELY AFTER
LEAVING THE KING's BENCH PRISON,
BY THE BENEFIT OF THE ACT OF INSOLVENCY:
IN CONSEQUENCE OF WHICH
HE RESIGNED HIS KINGDOM OF CORSICA
FOR THE USE OF HIS CREDITORS.

THE grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-ſlaves and kings;
But THEODORE this moral learn'd, ere dead;
Fate pour'd its leſſons on his living head,
Beſtow'd a kingdom, but denied him bread.

To the MEMORY

Of the late Duke of BRIDGEWATER, MDCCXLVIII.

By N. COTTON, M. D. of ST ALBAN'S,

Author of an admired performance, *Viſions in Verſe.*

PATIENT to hear, and bounteous to beſtow,
A mind that melted at another's woe;
Studious to act the ſelf-approving part,
That midnight muſic of the honeſt heart;
Theſe ſilent joys th' illuſtrious youth poſſeſt,
This cloudleſs ſunſhine of th' unſullied breaſt:
From pride of peerage, and from folly free,
Life's early morn fair Virtue gave to thee.
The tear no longer ſtole from Sorrow's eye,
And Poverty rejoic'd when he was nigh;
Like *Titus*, knew the value of a day,
And Want went ſmiling from his gates away.
Titles and rank are borrow'd from the throne:
Theſe honours, EGERTON, were all thy own.

BARREUX's celebrated SONNET.

Grand Dieu! tes jugemens, &c.

Tranſlated.

This ſhort ſonnet has been recommended to the world by ſome very celebrated geniuſes.—Mr *Rapin* in *France* calls it excellent; a more illuſtrious perſon than he, Mr *Addiſon* in *England*, in his Spectator, gives it a very high encomium; and Mr *Hervey*, in his poſthumous letters, beſtows the greateſt praiſe upon it.—The concurring ſentiments of theſe eminent authors, render it ſuperfluous for the Editors to add ought here.

GREAT GOD! thy judgments are ſupremely right,
And in thy creatue's bliſs is thy delight;
But I have ſinn'd beyond the reach of grace,
Nor can thy mercy yield thy juſtice place.
So bright, my GOD, my crimſon vices ſhine,
That only choice of puniſhment is thine.
Thy eſſence pure abhors my ſinful ſtate,
And even thy clemency confirms my fate.
Be thy will done! let, let thy wrath deſcend,
While tears like mine from guilty eyes offend.
Dart thy red bolts, tho' in the dreadful ſtroke
My ſoul ſhall bleſs the Being I provoke.
Yet where! O where, can even thy thunders fall?
CHRIST's blood o'erſpreads, and ſhields me from them all.

SICKNESS.

By Mr DELAP.

How blithe the flow'ry graces of the ſpring,
From Nature's wardrobe come! and hark how gay
Each glitt'ring inſect, hov'ring on the wing,
Sings its glad welcome to the fields of *May!*

They gaze, with greedy eye, each beauty o'er,
They ſuck the ſweet breath of the bluſhing roſe;
Sport in the gale, or ſip the rainbow ſtore:
Their life's ſhort day no pauſe of pleaſure knows.

Like theirs, dread Pow'r! my chearful morn diſplay'd
The flatt'ring promiſe of a golden noon;
Till each gay cloud that ſportive Nature made,
By thy forbidding frown was ſcatter'd ſoon.

Yes, ere I told my two and twentieth year,
Swift from thy quiver flew the deadly dart:
Harmleſs it paſt 'mid many a blithe compeer,
And found its fated entrance near my heart.

Pale as I lay beneath thy ebon wand,
I ſaw them rove thro' Pleaſure's flow'ry field,
I ſaw Health paint them with her roſy hand,
Eager to burſt my bonds, but forc'd to yield.

Yet, while this mortal cot of mould'ring clay
Shakes at the ſtroke of thy tremendous pow'r,
Ah! muſt the tranſient tenant of a day
Bear the rough blaſt of each tempeſtuous hour?
Say, ſhall the terrors thy pale flag unfolds,
Full rigid queen! unnerve the ſoul's bright pow'rs,
Till with a joyleſs ſmile the eye beholds
Art's magic charms, and Nature's fairy bow'rs?
No: let me follow ſtill, thoſe bow'rs among,
Her flow'ry footſteps, as the goddeſs goes!
Let me, juſt lifted 'bove th' unletter'd throng,
Read the few books the learned few compoſe.
And ſuffer, when thy awful pleaſure calls,
The ſoul to ſhare her frail companion's ſmart;
Yet ſuffer me to taſte the balm that falls
From Friendſhip's tongue, ſo ſweet upon the heart!
Then, tho' each trembling nerve thrill at thy own,
Ev'n till this anxious being, by thy gloom,
Leave but a name upon a little ſtone,
Without one murmur, I embrace my doom.
For many a virtue, ſhelter'd from mankind,
Lives calm with thee, and lord o'er each deſire;
And many a feeble frame, whoſe mighty mind
Each Muſe has touch'd with her immortal fire.
Ev'n he*, ſole terror of a venal age,
The tuneful bard, whoſe philoſophic ſoul

* *Pope.*

With ſuch bright radiance glow'd on Virtue's page,
Learnt many a leſſon from thy moral roll.
He † too, who mounts and keeps his diſtant way,
His daring mind thy humanizing glooms
Have temper'd with a melancholy ray,
And taught to warble 'mid the village-tombs.
Yes, goddeſs, to thy temple's deep receſs,
I come, and lay for ever at its door
The ſiren-throng of follies numberleſs,
Nor wiſh their flatt'ring ſongs ſhould ſoothe me more.
Thy decent garb ſhall o'er my limbs be ſpread,
Thy hand ſhall lead me to thy ſober train,
Who, here retir'd, with penſive pleaſure tread
The ſilent windings of thy dark domain.
Hither the cherub Charity ſhall fly
From her bright orb, and brooding o'er my mind,
For mis'ry raiſe a ſympathizing ſigh,
Pardon for foes, and love for human-kind.
Then while Ambition's trump, from age to age,
Her ſlaughter'd millions boaſts; while Fame ſhall bear
Her deathleſs trophies o'er the bard and ſage,
Be mine the widow's ſigh, the orphan's pray'r!

† *Gray.*

A FAREWELL to the WORLD.

By Miſtreſs WRIGHT;

Siſter of the Famous and Reverend Mr *John Weſley*.

WHILE ſickneſs rends this tenement of clay,
Th' approaching change with rapture I ſurvey;
O'erjoy'd to reach the goal with eager pace,
Ere my ſlow life has meaſur'd half its race.
No longer ſhall I bear, my friends to pleaſe,
The hard conſtraint of ſeeming much at eaſe,
Nor wear an outward ſmile, a look ſerene,
While piercing racks, and tortures lurk within!
Yet let me not, ungrateful, with regret,
Record the evil, and the good forget.
For both I humble adoration pay,
And bleſs the power who gives and takes away:
Long ſhall my faithful memory retain,
And oft recall each interval of pain:
Nay to high Heav'n, for greater gifts I bend;
Health I've enjoy'd, and I had once a friend.
With pleaſing toil I paſt the joyous day,
And join'd at night the witty and the gay;
Our labour ſweet, if labour it might ſeem,
Allow'd the ſportive and inſtructive theme;

Yet here no lewd or uſeleſs wit was found,
We pois'd the wavering ſail with ballaſt ſound:
Wit, mirth and muſic, ſciences and arts,
Improv'd and exercis'd our nobler parts;
Learning here plac'd her richer ſtores in view;
Or, wing'd with love, the minutes gaily flew;
True merit might unequall'd luſtre wear,
For envious baſe detraction came not there.
Nay yet ſublimer joys our boſoms prov'd,
Divine benevolence, by Heav'n belov'd:
Wan meagre forms, torn from impending death,
Exulting, bleſt us with reviving breath:
The ſhivering wretch we cloth'd, the mourner cheer'd,
And ſickneſs ceas'd to groan when we appear'd!
Unaſk'd, our care aſſiſts, with tender art,
Their bodies, nor neglects th' immortal part.
Sometimes, in ſhades impierc'd by *Cynthia*'s beam,
Whoſe luſtre glimmer'd on the dimpled ſtream,
We led the ſprightly dance thro' ſylvan ſcenes,
Or tript like fairies o'er the level greens;
To join the dance our blooming partners haſte,
With love for ever pure, for ever chaſte:
In every breaſt a generous fervour glows;
Soft bliſs, which mutual love alone beſtows!
From fragrant herbage, deck'd with pearly dews,
And flow'rets of a thouſand various hues,
By wafting gales the mingling odours fly,
And round our heads in whiſpering breezes ſigh!

All nature ſeem'd to heighten, and improve
The halcyon hours of innocence and love:
Youth, wit, good-nature, candor, ſenſe, combin'd,
To ſerve, delight, and civilize mankind;
In wiſdom's lore we ev'ry heart engage,
And triumph to reſtore the golden age!
Now cloſe the bliſsful theme, exhauſted Muſe!
The lateſt bliſsful theme, that thou ſhalt chuſe.
Satiate with life, what joys for me remain,
Save one dear wiſh to balance ev'ry pain?
O'erwhelm'd with woes, deſp'rate and fatal all,
On tardy death, with ceaſeleſs cries, I call:
So the tir'd babe whoſe waking hour is o'er,
Whom glittering baubles can delight no more,
Reclines its head, with painful toil oppreſt,
Till borne by friendly arms to welcome reſt.

DEATH;

A

POETICAL ESSAY.

BY

BEILBY PORTEUS, M. A.

This poem gained Mr SEATON's prize at *Cambridge*, in the year MDCCLIX.

FRIEND to the wretch, whom every friend forſakes,
I woo thee, DEATH! In Fancy's fairy paths

Let the gay ſongſter rove, and gently trill
The ſtrain of empty joy.—Life and its joys
I leave to thoſe that prize them.—At this hour,
This ſolemn hour, when ſilence rules the world,
And wearied Nature makes a gen'ral pauſe,
Wrapt in Night's ſable robe, through cloyſters drear
And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng
Of meagre phantoms ſhooting croſs my path
With ſilent glance, I ſeek the ſhadowy vale
Of DEATH.—Deep in a murky cave's receſs
Lav'd by Oblivion's liſtleſs ſtream, and fenc'd
By ſhelving rocks and intermingled horrors
Of yew' and cypreſs' ſhade from all intruſion
Of buſy noon-tide-beam, the Monarch ſits
In unſubſtantial majeſty enthron'd.
At his right hand, neareſt himſelf in place
And frightfulneſs of form, his parent Sin
With fatal induſtry and cruel care
Buſies herſelf in pointing all his ſtings,
And tipping every ſhaft with venom drawn
From her infernal ſtore: around him rang'd
In terrible array and mixture ſtrange
Of uncouth ſhapes, ſtand his dread miniſters:
Foremoſt Old-age, his natural ally
And firmeſt friend: next him diſeaſes thick,
A motly train; Fever with cheek of fire;
Conſumption wan; Palſy, half warm with life,
And half a clay-cold lump; joint-tott'ring Gout,

And ever-gnawing Rheum; Convulſion wild;
Swol'n Dropſy; panting Aſthma; Apoplex
Full-gorg'd.—There too the Peſtilence that walks
In darkneſs, and the Sickneſs that deſtroys
At broad noon-day.—Theſe and a thouſand more,
Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when
By Heaven's command DEATH waves his ebon wand,
Sudden ruſh forth to execute his purpoſe,
And ſcatter deſolation o'er the earth.
  Ill-fated Man, for whom ſuch various forms
Of Mis'ry wait, and mark their future prey!
Ah! why, ALL-RIGHTEOUS FATHER, didſt thou make
This creature Man? why wake th' unconſcious duſt
To life and wretchedneſs? O better far
Still had he ſlept in uncreated night,
If this the lot of being!—Was it for this
Thy breath divine kindled within his breaſt
The vital flame? For this was thy fair image
Stampt on his ſoul in godlike lineaments?
For this dominion giv'n him abſolute
O'er all thy works, only that he might reign
Supreme in woe?—From the bleſt ſource of Good
Could Pain and Death proceed? Could ſuch foul ills
Fall from fair Mercy's hands?—Far be the thought,
The impious thought! GOD never made a creature
But what was good.—He made a living ſoul:
The wretched mortal was the work of Man.

Forth from his Maker's hands he ſprung to life,
Freſh with immortal bloom; no pain he knew,
No fear of change, no check to his deſires
Save one command.—That one command (which ſtood
'Twixt him and death, the teſt of his obedience,)
Urg'd on by wanton curioſity,
He broke.—There in one moment was undone
The faireſt of GOD's works.—The ſame raſh hand
That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit,
Unbarr'd the gates of hell, and let looſe Sin,
And Death, and all the family of pain,
To prey upon mankind.—Young Nature ſaw
The monſtrous crew, and ſhook thro' all her frame.
Then fled her new-born luſtre, then began
Heav'n's chearful face to low'r, then vapours choak'd
The troubled air, and form'd a veil of clouds
To hide the willing ſun —The Earth convuls'd
With painful throes threw forth a briſtly crop
Of thorns and briars; and inſect, bird, and beaſt,
That wont before with admiration fond
To gaze at Man, and fearleſs croud around him,
Now fled before his face, ſhunning in haſte
Th' infection of his miſery.—He alone,
Who juſtly might, th' offended Lord of Man,
Turn'd not away his face; he, full of pity,
Forſook not in this uttermoſt diſtreſs
His beſt-lov'd work.—That comfort ſtill remain'd,
(That beſt, that greateſt comfort in affliction)

The countenance of GOD, and thro' the gloom
Shot forth ſome kindly gleams, to chear and warm
Th' offender's ſinking ſoul.—Hope ſent from Heav'n
Up-rais'd his drooping head, and ſhew'd afar
A happier ſcene of things; the PROMIS'D SEED
Trampling upon the SERPENT's humbled creſt,
DEATH of his ſting diſarm'd, and the dank grave
Made previous to the realms of endleſs day,
No more the limit, but the gate of life.
Chear'd with the view, Man went to till the ground
From whence he roſe; ſentenc'd indeed to toil
As to a puniſhment, yet (ev'n in wrath
So merciful is Heav'n) this toil became
The ſolace of his woes, the ſweet employ
Of many a live-long hour, and ſureſt guard
Againſt diſeaſe and Death.—DEATH, tho' denounc'd,
Was yet a diſtant ill, by the feeble arm
Of Age, his ſole ſupport, led ſlowly on.
Not then, as ſince, the ſhort-liv'd ſons of men
Flock'd to his realms in countleſs multitudes;
Scarce in the courſe of twice five hundred years
One ſolitary ghoſt went ſhiv'ring down
To his unpeopled ſhore.—In ſober ſtate,
Through the ſequeſter'd vale of rural life,
The venerable Patriarch guileleſs held
The tenor of his way; Labour prepar'd
His ſimple fare, and Temp'rance rul'd his board.
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve

He ſunk to ſudden reſt; gentle and pure
As breath of evening Zephyr, and as ſweet
Were all his ſlumbers; with the ſun he roſe,
Alert and vigorous as he, to run
His deſtin'd courſe.—Thus nerv'd with giant ſtrength
He ſtem'd the tide of time, and ſtood the ſhock
Of ages rolling harmleſs o'er his head.
At life's meridian point arriv'd, he ſtood,
And looking round ſaw all the vallies fill'd
With nations from his loins; full-well content
To leave his race thus ſcatter'd o'er the earth,
Along the gentle ſlope of life's decline
He bent his gradual way, till full of years
He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave.
Such in the infancy of Time was Man,
So calm was life, ſo impotent was DEATH.
O had he but preſerv'd theſe few remains,
Theſe ſhatter'd fragments of loſt happineſs
Snatch'd by the hand of Heav'n from the ſad wreck
Of innocence primaeval; ſtill had he liv'd
In ruin great; tho' fall'n, yet not forlorn;
Though mortal, yet not every where beſet
With Death in every ſhape! but he, impatient
To be compleatly wretched, haſtes to fill up
The meaſure of his woes.—'Twas Man himſelf
Brought Death into the world, and Man himſelf
Gave keenneſs to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multiplied deſtruction on mankind.

Firſt Envy, eldeſt-born of hell, embrued
Her hands in blood, and taught the ſons of men
To make a Death which nature never made,
And GOD abhor'd, with violence rude to break
The thread of life ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition ſaw, and ſoon improv'd
The execrable deed.—'Twas not enough
By ſubtle fraud to ſnatch a ſingle life,
Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
To ſate the luſt of power; more horrid ſtill,
The fouleſt ſtain and ſcandal of our nature
Became its boaſt.—*One* murder made a villain,
Millions a hero.—Princes were privileg'd
To kill, and numbers ſanctified the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men?
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human ſacrifice? Why burſt the ties
Of Nature, that ſhould knit their ſouls together
In one ſoft bond of amity and love?
Yet ſtill they breathe deſtruction, ſtill go on,
Inhumanly ingenious, to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
Artificers of death! Still monarchs dream
Of univerſal empire growing up
From univerſal ruin.—Blaſt the deſign,
GREAT GOD OF HOSTS, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's ſhrine!

Yet ſay, ſhould tyrants learn at laſt to feel,
And the loud din of battle ceaſe to bray;
Should dove-ey'd Peace o'er all the earth extend
Her olive branch, and give the world repoſe,
Would Death be foil'd? would health, and ſtrength, and youth,
Defy his power? Has he no arts in ſtore,
No other ſhafts ſave thoſe of war?—Alas!
Ev'n in the ſmile of Peace, that ſmile which ſheds
A heav'nly ſunſhine o'er the ſoul, there baſks
That ſerpent Luxury: War its thouſands ſlays,
Peace its ten thouſands: in th' embattled plain
Tho' Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not ev'n there ſo abſolute,
So mercileſs, as in yon frantic ſcenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where, in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawleſs love,
He ſnares the ſimple youth, who nought ſuſpecting
Means to be bleſt—but finds himſelf undone.

Down the ſmooth ſtream of life the ſtripling darts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal ſky,
Hope ſwells his ſails, and paſſion ſteers his courſe;
Safe glides his little bark along the ſhore
Where Virtue takes her ſtand; but if too far
He launches forth beyond diſcretion's mark,
Sudden the tempeſt ſcowls, the ſurges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.

O ſad but ſure miſchance! O happier far
To lie like gallant HOWE 'midſt *Indian* wilds
A breathleſs corſe, cut off by ſavage hands
In earlieſt prime, a generous ſacrifice
To Freedom's holy cauſe; than ſo to fall,
Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to Vice, Intemp'rance, and Diſeaſe.
Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather periſh ſtill,
Ye ſons of Pleaſure, by th' ALMIGHTY ſtrick'n,
Than ever dare (though oft, alas! ye dare)
To lift againſt yourſelves the murd'rous ſteel,
To wreſt from GOD's own hand the ſword of Juſtice,
And be your own avengers.—Hold, raſh Man,
Though with anticipating ſpeed thou'ſt rang'd
Through every region of delight, nor left
One joy to gild the evening of thy days,
Though life ſeem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face deſpair,
Yet gay this ſcene, and light this load of woe,
Compar'd with thy hereafter.—Think, O think,
And e'er thou plunge into the vaſt abyſs,
Pauſe on the verge awhile, look down and ſee
Thy future manſion.—Why that ſtart of horror?
From thy ſlack hand why drops th' uplifted ſteel?
Didſt thou not think ſuch vengeance muſt await
The wretch, that with his crimes all freſh about him
Ruſhes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncall'd,
Into his Maker's preſence, throwing back

With inſolent diſdain his choiceſt gift?
Live then, while Heav'n in pity lends thee life,
And think it all too ſhort to waſh away
By penitential tears and deep contrition
The ſcarlet of thy crimes.—So ſhalt thou find
Reſt to thy ſoul, ſo unappall'd ſhalt meet
Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
His ling'ring ſtroke.—Be it thy ſole concern
With innocence to live, with patience wait
Th' appointed hour; too ſoon that hour will come,
Tho' Nature run her courſe; but Nature's GOD,
If need require, by thouſand various ways,
Without thy aid, can ſhorten that ſhort ſpan,
And quench the lamp of life.—O when he comes
Rous'd by the cry of wickedneſs extreme
To Heav'n aſcending from ſome guilty land
Now ripe for vengeance; when he comes array'd
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath;
Forth from his boſom plucks his ling'ring arm,
And on the miſcreants pours deſtruction down!
Who can abide his coming? who can bear
His whole diſpleaſure? In no common form
Death then appears, but ſtarting into ſize
Enormous, meaſures with gigantic ſtride
Th' aſtoniſh'd earth, and from his looks throws round
Unutterable horror and diſmay.
All nature lends her aid.—Each element
Arms in his cauſe.—Ope fly the doors of Heav'n,

The fountains of the deep their barriers break;
Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
And drown Creation,—or in floods of fire
Deſcends a livid cataract, and conſumes,
An impious race.—Sometimes when all ſeems peace,
Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace
Sweeps nations to their grave, or in the deep
Whelms the proud wooden world; full many a youth
Floats on his wat'ry bier, or lies unwept
On ſome ſad deſert ſhore!—At dead of night
In ſullen ſilence ſtalks forth Peſtilence:
Contagion cloſe behind taints all her ſteps
With pois'nous dew; no ſmiting hand is ſeen,
No ſound is heard; but ſoon her ſecret path
Is mark'd with deſolation; heaps on heaps
Promiſcuous drop:—no friend, no refuge near;
All, all, is falſe and treacherous around,
All that they touch, or taſte, or breathe, is DEATH.
But ah! what means that ruinous roar? why fail
Theſe tott'ring feet?—Earth to its centre feels
The Godhead's power, and trembling at his touch
Through all its pillars, and in ev'ry pore,
Hurls to the ground with one convulſive heave
Precipitating domes, and towns, and tow'rs,
The work of ages.—Cruſh'd beneath the weight
Of gen'ral devaſtation, millions find
One common grave; not ev'n a widow left
To wail her ſons: the houſe, that ſhould protect,

Entombs its maſter, and the faithleſs plain,
If there he flies for help, with ſudden yawn
Starts from beneath him.—Shield me, gracious Heav'n,
O ſnatch me from deſtruction! If this globe,
This ſolid globe, which thine own hand hath made
So firm and ſure, if this my ſteps betray;
If my own mother Earth from whence I ſprung
Riſe up with rage unnatural to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither ſhall I fly?
Where look for ſuccour? where, but up to thee,
Almighty Father? ſave, O ſave thy ſuppliant
From horrors ſuch as theſe!—At thy good time
Let Death approach; I reck not—let him but come
In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
Too much for Man to bear.—O rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his ſtroke,
And at that hour when all aghaſt I ſtand,
(A trembling candidate for thy compaſſion),
On this world's brink, and look into the next;
When my ſoul ſtarting from the dark unknown
Caſts back a wiſhful look, and fondly clings
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair ſcene, from all her cuſtom'd joys,
And all the lovely relatives of life;
Then ſhed thy comforts o'er me: then put on
The gentleſt of thy looks.—Let no dark crimes
In all their hideous forms then ſtarting up
Plant themſelves round my couch in grim array,

And ſtab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd torture,
Senſe of paſt guilt, and dread of future woe.
Far be the ghaſtly crew! and in their ſtead,
Let chearful Memory from her pureſt cells
Lead forth a goodly train of virtues fair
Cheriſh'd in earlieſt youth, now paying back
With tenfold uſury the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the heav'nly balm
Of conſcious innocence.—But chiefly, THOU,
Whom ſoft-ey'd Pity once led down from Heav'n
To bleed for Man, to teach him how to live,
And, oh! ſtill harder leſſon! how to die,
Diſdain not Thou to ſmooth the reſtleſs bed
Of Sickneſs and of Pain.—Forgive the tear
That feeble Nature drops, calm all her fears,
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
Till my rapt ſoul anticipating Heav'n
Burſts from the thraldom of incumbring clay,
And on the wing of ecſtacy upborne
Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life.

LINES wrote by the late Reverend PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. a few Days before his Death.

This Author is better known as a Divine, than as a Poet; but as a veneration for one part of a character, commonly begets reſpect for the other, the Compilers of this volume imagine, theſe and the ſubſequent verſes, never before publiſhed, will be very acceptable to thoſe, who admired the Man, but were unacquainted with the Poet.

I.

WHILST on the verge of life I ſtand,
And view the ſcene on either hand;
My ſpirit ſtruggles with its clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

II.

Where JESUS dwells my ſoul would be;
It longs my much-lov'd LORD to ſee;
Earth twines no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.

III.

Come, ye celeſtial convoys, cóme,
And lead a willing pilgrim home;
You know the way to JESUS' throne,
Source of your joys and of my own.

IV.

That bleſſed intercourſe, how ſweet,
To lie tranſported at his feet!
Rais'd in his arms, to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace.

V.

To ſee Heav'n's ſhining courtiers round,
Each with immortal glories crown'd;
And whilſt his form in each I trace,
Belov'd and loving all embrace.

VI.

As with a ſeraph's voice to ſing,
To fly upon a cherub's wing,
Performing, with unwearied hands,
Each dictate of my LORD's commands.

VII.

Yet with this object full in ſight,
I wait his ſignal for my flight;
For 'tis a heaven begun, I know,
To love and praiſe my LORD below.

Wrote upon the blank LEAF of the HOLY BIBLE.

By the ſame.

LIVE while you live, the *Epicure* would ſay,
And ſeize the pleaſures of the preſent day;

Live while you live, the ſacred Penman cries,
And give to GOD each moment as it flies.
LORD! in *my* view, let both united be,
I live to pleaſure, while I live to Thee.

HYMN,

By —— ——.

O DEATH, how vain thy boaſted ſting,
How vain thy dreadful art!
To ſhake the gorgon head of fear,
Before the faithful heart.

Can the dull gloom that thee awaits,
Ere ſhade the vale of age,
While heav'nly truths ſo thick-ſtrow'd ſtand
Along th' inſpired page.

Vain were the wiſh, when nature fails,
To prop this frail abode,
Since the laſt pang that ends my life,
But wings the way to GOD.

Then come, pale meſſenger of bliſs,
Thro' grace I hail my doom;
What joy awaits that ſolemn hour,
Which lays me in my tomb!

But, ah! how joyleſs ſhould I be,
If I did plead my right;
In CHRIST's almighty robe I ſtand,
Before my Maker's ſight.

O view amid the wreck of worlds,
The blood my SAVIOUR ſhed,
Nor let thy juſt deſtruction reach
A ſinner's worthleſs head.

Oh could I ever hail the day,
That ſeals my eternal ſtate;
Look down on all the joys of ſenſe,
And antedate my fate!

But ah! how oft oppreſt with woe,
I ſink in deep deſpair;
While brooding ſit within my breaſt,
The family of Care.

Eclips'd the glories of his face,
That us'd ſo bright to ſhine,
I wonder at my earthly ſoul
That ſcruples if ſhe's thine.

But if I am not thine, my GOD,
No other GOD I'll know;
I'll ſeek thy preſence morn and eve,
And wipe away my woe.

HYMN,

By the ſame.

BLEST is the man whoſe raptur'd breaſt
With meek Devotion glows,
In GOD alone who ſeeks for reſt
From all terrenal woes.
Him, journeying o'er this earthly ſtage,
No empty fears annoy;
In youth alike, and hoary age
He tunes the harp of joy.

From Hope's unreal gleam remote,
No doubts diſtract his reſt;
But ever wrapt in heavenly thought,
Peace ſeeks his quiet breaſt.

Oh! may the thread that weaves my life,
Thus glide in quiet by,
'Till eas'd from every care and ſtrife
I mount the ſtarry ſky.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

By the ſame.

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WHILE yet unform'd in Nature's womb I lay,
Thy hand creative call'd me into day,
Plac'd me a rebel in this bleſt abode,
And taught my wiſhes to aſpire to GOD.
When by the power of glozing Guile I fell
The ſlave of Satan, and the ſlave of hell,
Thy boundleſs love my ev'ry thought refin'd,
My will created, and renew'd my mind;
Shew'd me the path that leads to thy abode,
And bade me venture on the truth of GOD.
Oh! could I ever feel thy preſence near,
Thy mercy honour, and thy juſtice fear,
Trace every ſtep that JESUS ever trod,
And plead his righteouſneſs alone with GOD;
Spurn every bait that luxury can ſhew,
And tread with caution o'er the fields of woe;
With courſe unfaultering only Heav'n purſue,
Bliſs in my heart, and glory in my view;
And when this frame beneath a weight of days,
Faints, droops unheeded, and unſeen decays,
Then may my ſoul to its firſt ſource ariſe,
And ſeek a portion in its native ſkies.

To the MEMORY of Mrs H——G.

Who died at *Edinburgh*, 6th *July* 1765.

Addreſſed to Miſs A—— H——.

By the ſame.

——Long for every virtue was ſhe dear
That graced the mother, wife, and friend.

BLACKLOCK.

O! may the Muſe that oft has ſorrow paid,
And mourn'd in fancy o'er the mighty dead,
For once, declare the pious woe that's due
To Love, to Worth, to Friendſhip and to You;
For once, attempt to ſhed a penſive tear
O'er all that's honour'd, and o'er all that's dear.
Vain were the wiſh to wipe the moiſten'd eye;
Vain were the wiſh to ſtop the riſing ſigh;
Vain were the thought, when Virtue bids it flow,
To check the ſtream of ſympathetic woe.
'Tis not the glancing eye of haughty ſtate,
Nor the proud grandeur of the ſcornful great,
'Tis not the crimſon cheek of thoughtleſs youth,
That claims the tear of Friendſhip and of Truth;
But 'tis the pious ſoul, the heav'n-born mind,
By Chriſtian Grace, by Chriſtian love refin'd,

The ſoul that ſpurns the luring baits of Vice,
The truly mighty, and the truly wiſe.
DEPARTED SAINT! be thine the tear that flows
From filial friendſhip, and connubial woes;
Thine was the peaceful ſoul, the tender heart,
That Nature form'd to act the Mother's part;
Thine was the temper vice can never know,
That ſtole from Sorrow's cheek the tear of woe.
But now be Sorrow's funeral grief ſuppreſt,
Let Peace fair-ſmiling ſoothe each anxious breaſt.
She lives!—where ſaints redeem'd from ſorrow ſing,
Where Mercy ever tunes the flying ſtring,
Where endleſs bliſs, and endleſs pleaſures rove,
And Peace ſits ſmiling on the lip of Love.
Soon even on Youth, ſhall Time its ſorrows ſtrow,
Soon Age muſt droop, before the frowns of Woe;
Soon muſt this little day of life be o'er,
Soon muſt the views of earth delight no more;
Soon muſt the charm of fickle fancy fail,
And time be ended as the ſhort-liv'd tale.
Soon Heav'n muſt quench each ſpark of vain deſire,
And wrapt in ruin Nature's ſelf expire.
Oh could my thoughts theſe awful ſcenes explore!
And toil in earth's light vanities no more,
Soar o'er the void of Nature's wrecks away,
And live amid the realms of light and day.

E R R A T A.

Notwithſtanding the greateſt care to render the foregoing collection as correct as elegant, the few following errors have eſcaped the accuracy of the Editors: the Reader will therefore be pleaſed to amend them with a pen; and,

Page *line*

1. 9. *For* ever juſt,— *read* for the moſt part juſt,—
3. 16. *For* ago. *r.* ago:
5. 8. *For* peer, *r.* peer:
— 10. *For* belies, *r.* belies:
46. 5. *from the foot. For* the elegant author of ſeveral poems *r.* the author of ſeveral elegant poems
92. 17. *and in the running title. For* Aſſemblé *r.* Aſſemblée.
110. 9. *For* By the ſame. *r.* By — — Eſq;
142 5. *from the foot. For* Profeſſor of Poetry, *r.* Profeſſor of modern Hiſtory and Languages,
176. 8. *from the foot. For* KALEND. MARTIIS, *r.* NON. APRILIS,
178. 9. *For* bliſsful ſcenes *r.* bleſt retreats
— 16. *For* that, *r.* this.
179. 4. *To pleaſure; add this note* ——* By the word *pleaſure* here, is not meant, the pleaſures of virtue, but ſenſual pleaſure.
208. 2. *For* ſmocky *r.* ſmoky
— 7. *For* nor *r.* or
214. *after line* 3. *Add* In the church of WESTERHAM in KENT.
217. 1. *For* BARREUX's *r.* BARREAUX's
— 3. *from the foot. For* creatue's *r.* creature's
224. *laſt line. For* joint-tott'ring, *r.* joint-tort'ring
239. *laſt line. For* wipe *r.* weep

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